TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME IV — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1928 — NUMBER 48

G. BERNARD SHAW
From "Twenty-four Portraits," by William Rothenstein (Harcourt, Brace).

Mr. Shaw as a Socialist

THE INTELLIGENT WOMAN'S GUIDE TO CAPITALISM AND SOCIALISM. New York: Brentano's. 1928. $3.50.

Reviewed by HAROLD J. LASKI
London School of Economics and Political Science

IT will soon be fifty years since Mr. Shaw, in the now classic first essay of the "Fabian Essays," showed that he could beat the professional economists at their own game of refined analysis. In the period since that time, he has discussed every angle of socialist theory and tactic. But he has never sought to set out coherently his considered view of the whole issue. His new book attempts just this thing, and there is no student of our ways of life but will be grateful for it.

It is, from every angle, an arresting revelation of Mr. Shaw's own mind. Above everything, it is the work of a great humanist. The results of action interest Mr. Shaw not as a revelation of this theory or that, but because they affect the lives of men. The second thing that is outstanding is Mr. Shaw's insistence that socialism is a philosophy of life as a whole and not merely of our economic life. To see it economically is to see it politically; to see it politically, is to see it as a religion. To see it adequately, in a word, means seeing it as a philosophy of education, of art, of science. Its postulates, that is, permeate our lives as we live them totally; it enters into them all and gives them that color and quality by which each aspect becomes different and better. There is essential wisdom in this outlook; for either a socialist philosophy is an art of life as a seamless web, or it is nothing.

One or two things are worth noting as an index to Mr. Shaw's habits of mind. The great playwright, like the great novelist, sees things journalistically; he exploits dramatic situations. It would be vain to look in him for a systematic philosophical exposition. Rather, he takes convincing aspects of his problem and presents them to his public as situations of inescapable interest. He is almost uninterested in the logic of the process; he is concerned

(*Continued on page* 984)

The American Scholar—Ninety Years Later

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THERE is no essay ever written on this continent more often praised, more often quoted, than Emerson's "The American Scholar." There is no utterance of the American mind so ironic in its unfulfilment, so unprophetic of our later history, so completely misread by those who praise it.

In the rhetoric of Commencement speeches, Emerson has become a voice proclaiming the independence of the American mind and the self-sufficiency of native scholarship:—"We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own minds";—and the patriotism which applauds from the auditorium this quotation will a few minutes later cheer the industrialist who says that we build the most and the best automobiles in the world.

Emerson would not be pleased. He was more interested in scholarship than in garlands for America. He wrote his lecture not to celebrate an accomplished fact, but to specify what the American scholar should become—a creative intellect, not a promoter or a manifolder of material welfare; a man thinking, not a bookworm however self-sufficient; an original mind escaping from the dominance of past genius and well aware that each generation must write its own books. "Meek young men grow up in libraries, believing it their duty to accept the views which Cicero, which Locke, which Bacon have given; forgetful that Cicero, Locke, and Bacon were only young men in libraries when they wrote these books." When the American scholar should become the man thinking it was this which was to be changed. Not nationalism, but originality and self-dependence was the theme of his famous essay.

Has the American scholar become the "man thinking"? Has he recast his environment and wrought so that "young men of the fairest promise" are no longer "hindered from action by the disgust which the principles on which business is managed inspire"; has he made the air we breathe less "thick and fat" with "private avarice," or taught the mind of this country to aim no longer at "low objects"?

Poor scholars, let us not ask too much of them! They have had the Civil War, its exhaustion of idealism and its shattering of the continuity of American culture; they have had the swarming illiterates of Europe; they have had the wild exploitation of the loot of a continent, when to get rich was a by-product of activity; they have had the problem of wholesale education on their hands. And while they were struggling with their books, science went into the laboratory and conquered the world. Emerson announced his Program too soon; his mine exploded in an empty harbor, but there is dynamite in him still.

To survey American scholarship, even literary scholarship, is a task for a foundation, nor do I take comfort from Emerson's confident benediction that pecuniary foundations can never countervail the least sentence or syllable of wit, for it is impossible to be witty over the vast museum of facts which since his day the literary scholar—a man working like the devil, if not always, or often, a man thinking—has piled up in books and pamphlets. Instead, and for the purpose of this brief note upon Progress, let me review a single number of the most representative journal of American literary scholarship up to date.*

I shall not review it for the competence of its facts, for these only a specialist can judge (and often only a specialist be interested in), but rather for the cause, the use of these assembled facts, for the philosophy of work and the philosophy of purpose which inspire these American scholars who, like maggots in a cheese, are boring away oblivious while science walks off with the literary bag.

In a request for bibliographies of "productions" by its faculty, a great university recently stated that only articles or books which "contributed to knowledge" should be included, articles for "popular magazines," book reviews, and all creative work which did not give new facts were directly or by implication excluded. This is the usual specification for literary scholarship in America, and the condition for advancement in American universities. There must be a contribution to knowledge. Knowledge of what? Not life, for then poetry, fiction, even the literary essay or criticism of contemporary literature would be legal tender; but not even from those whose business it is to teach the writing of English are such gauds given more than perfunctory credit. Indeed it was said ten years ago by a scholar, himself a stifled poet, that it was better for a student of English never to write at all than to depart from the pursuit of facts. Knowledge of books then, of that wise kind which, half intuition, half deduction from the requisite facts, leads toward criticism, prophecy perhaps, certainly to what Emerson calls creative reading? Alas, there has been too little of this in American scholarship to answer confidently, but the omens for the beginner are inauspicious. "Candidates for the Ph.D. are warned not to undertake criticism." Considering all things that dictum may be wise, but it is not only youth that in American scholarship is warned to crib, cabin, and confine the imagination.

What, then, is this desideratum, knowledge? Let

* The Publications of The Modern Language Association of America. Vol. XLIII. No. 1, March 1928.

This Week

"Condemned to Devil's Island."
Reviewed by *Frederick O'Brien.*
"But Gentlemen Marry Brunettes."
Reviewed by *William Rose Benét.*
"Eat, Drink, and Be Healthy."
Reviewed by *John E. Lind, M.D.*
"The Cyder Feast."
Reviewed by *Louis Untermeyer.*
Mr. Moon's Notebook.
"The Norns Are Spinning."
Reviewed by *Phillips D. Carleton.*
"The Torches Flare."
Reviewed by *Bray Hammond.*
"The Legend Called Meryom."
Reviewed by *Louis Golding.*
The Bowling Green.
By *Christopher Morley.*
Edmund Gosse.
By *Dr. Joseph Collins.*

Next Week, or Later

Coral Jungles of Sea-Cow Reef.
By *William Beebe.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

us search for it in the publications of The Modern Language Association which contains by general consent what "gowns and pecuniary foundations" regard as the proper output of the producing scholar in America and his natural function. Here, well edited, occasionally well written, are the contributions from California to Maine of the grandsons and granddaughters of Emerson's scholar. It is these papers that are legal tender in bibliographies, exchangeable for salary checks and promotions. Here is the corpus from which one can argue the presence or absence of a soul. If the sum total is naturally less in excellence than selected books of selected writers, it differs only in degree not in kind, and clearly represents the effort of an able editor to secure the best available in oncoming scholarship. The test is a fair one, for we are seeking, not the best that can be done in a certain way, but the way itself and where it leads.

The first article in this March number of the Publications is a study of the legend of Joseph of Egypt as it appears in Old and Middle English. Twenty-five pages assemble the evidence for all the variants of the story, and prove that Joseph's reputation was protected with loving care. It is, in spite of the forbidding texts through which it ranges, a more amiable investigation than that type specimen of academic futility, the pursuit of an Æsopian fable and its variants through the centuries, along the trail of an error in spelling or the substitution of a lion for a bear.

* * *

The next article endeavors to establish the identity of the Pearl in the early English poem of that name, and the authorship thereof. It is modest and, if inconclusive, advances knowledge in a field which, if tiny, is worth cultivating—an excellent example of what our American scholars are doing, well done. The third article proves that Gilbert Pilkington can not be proved to have written the Second Shepherd's play. The fourth minutely describes the manuscript of the Towneley plays of the same period. The fifth is a treatise on a treatise on how to date more of these early plays. Results are negative. The sixth [illegible]nts the unimportant activities of Waller the [illegible]n the Royal Society. The seventh carefully [illegible]ers the contemporary satire in a dead master- Otway's "Venice Preserved." With the eighth, interest mounts, for its thoughtful study of neo-classicism explains the Augustan interregnum between individualism and romance when one had to be classic or nothing. Number IX is an account of Brooke, who wrote "The Fool of Quality"—most sentimental of novels, and tried to turn eighteenth century science into poetry. "Brooke blindly fumbled at the concepts which the problem of reconciling evolution with a spiritual creed has endowed with modern significance." In X, Melchior Grimm is shown to have gone to France because he liked it, not as an apostle of German literature. In XI, by close reasoning it is proved that Diderot probably didn't write a review of Lessing's "Miss Sara Sampson" (a paper *on* a book review is legal tender). In XII, Sheridan is accused of poaching from two contemporaries. XIII is a minute and immense analysis of Ritson's "Life of King Arthur." The book is unimportant, but shows "the continuity of interest in Arthur." XIV is a study of some sources of "René"; XV, a detailed account of American writings between 1783-1833 republished in England; XVI a study as to why *des jeunes gens* came to mean young *men* instead of young *people*. The last paper, a highly technical analysis of the choriambus in English verse, is a contribution to the complexity of English rhythms, which no matter how readily a poet writes them, have proved under analysis to be problems for the psychologist and the mathematician.

* * *

It is easy to loose sarcasm upon some of these endeavors to beat dust from a recalcitrant past, but that is a layman's attitude. The ideal of scientific scholarship is truth. If Diderot did not write that review, there is one fact nailed on the wall of print. Some false deduction as to eighteenth century philosophy may stop there and go no further. If the Towneley plays can be redated, or can't be redated, why there is one tiny beam of light (misty to be sure) on a hidden corner of an obscure period. If the eighteenth century was static in criticism, there is one basis for contrast with our own.

No, to say that literary scholarship as it is practised in our universities is trivial, to say that it is pursued without sense of proportion, to say that the professor at work upon the remote and not too important sources of a difficult and mediocre work resembles the morning commuter exercising his brains upon a cross-word puzzle, has a sting of truth, but is not entirely just. Nothing comes out of the puzzle but mental absorption and a group of words. From the most trivial discovery in the history of literature some light, some truth, some useful application to the only life we live, our own, may spring—*if* the man thinking chances to come upon it, and is able to change a dead fact into a thought!

* * *

We may admit that scholars, like many children, love puzzles, and still find their task defensible. Source seeking, text building, error quashing is the adolescence of scholarship, but it is also the preface to wisdom. It is not childish unless the adult mind sticks there and can move no further.

If "in silence, in steadiness, in severe abstraction . . . the scholar adds observation to observation . . . happy enough if he can satisfy himself alone that this day he has seen something truly," if this vast labor of accumulated fact were in the hands of the dedicate, willing sacrifices to the possibilities of experiment, following knowledge down its faintest trail over dustiest ground, regardless of utility, we might still question the orientation of the endeavor, yet praise the devotees. It was such a dedication that led the monks to the desert.

But this "productivity," this assembling of literary fact for the sake of accuracy in inessentials as well as essentials, is not the work of dedicated hands, it is the total expectation in scholarship from tens of thousands of men and women actively engaged in teaching literature and language to youth. This is their testing ground; here, unlike the monks, is their way of earthly, not heavenly, promotion. They may write profitable text books, they may teach with the lips of angels, they may be conduits of literary emotion, but as scholars, here they must engage, here be judged. In these papers is the erudite mystery which makes doctors' theses; in doctors' degrees and more such treatises lie advancement and justification of the pleasant academic life.

* * *

The tide of literary facts mounts ever higher. In the documents of the Middle Ages were found the tightest puzzles for youthful investigation, but these are nearly exhausted. The wave of research sweeps through the darker corners of the Renaissance, breaks over the eighteenth century, eddies over the nineteenth, curls round contemporary literature but draws back. There is lack of dignity in immediate problems, and danger too. A neat demonstration of the gullibility of mere literary critics who believed in the South America of Afra Behn held good until new documents were found to upset it, but a geographical analysis of a living author's poems lasted only long enough to reach his indignant denials. And so, with a hungry roar, the tide bursts through the virgin fields of American literature; seeking not the great problems—Melville, Poe, Thoreau, the nature, if any, of the American mind, —but mediocrities whose works out of happy neglect had been left untidy, third-rate poets without biographies, defunct and uncatalogued magazines, texts corrupt because they were not worth correcting.

I do not wish to seem perverse in wholesale recrimination, for I am well aware of the utility of spade work, and the honorable necessity of insignificant facts. And indeed I condemn no single work or single man, not even the errors of my own past. There is an argument for every investigation, however narrow, even for the minutest editing of the style of the first Montgomery Ward catalogue.

It is not perversity. The wrong is in the whole not in the part. The fallacy is in the philosophy which underlies this scholarship so laborious and so partial. It is the aim not the work which is at fault. It is not the motives (though we may often suspect them) but the definition of a literary scholar upon which the entire edifice of research, reward, and justification rests.

* * *

For it should be clear to us, and it would certainly be clear to a resurrected Emerson, that the American scholar has embraced one cold ideal in the past half century and let the rest go glimmering. He has made himself scientist. He has gone to the chemist's laboratory and learned of him. He has thrown aside intuition for experiment, given over interpretation for discovery, let go his conception of a Whole in order to concentrate upon minutest Parts. If the impression of a tooth and a wing upon a piece of slate could redraw the evolutionary line, why then the rummage of an ancient manuscript, the negative proof of an authorship, the reconstruction of a text, may remake literary history, and explain literature. The physicists in a bit of mud have discovered a new earth and perhaps a new heaven. When they ceased being philosophers they began to be great. Let us go and do likewise.

No student of the past decades can doubt the justice of this parallel. The question is not of the value of scientific method in scholarship, for that, even in the few papers discussed above, is obvious; the question is whether literary scholarship and science are synonymous terms as "gowns and pecuniary foundations" have agreed in these years to believe. For if they are not, then, in spite of the benefits accruing to literary history from our half century of accumulated fact, we are indeed deluded.

* * *

They are not. That statement can be made with complete dogmatism. The business of science is to measure fact, to uncover the nature of *things*, to provide a technique for the control of nature itself. In this it has been brilliantly successful on a scale and a scope so wide that the rewriting of literary history—which has been the sole business of the American scholar—is only the least part of its total endeavor. And science in pursuit of its legitimate business has come to the frontiers of knowledge. It has proved the non-existence of matter, destroyed materialism, and demonstrated its inability to explain the relation of nature to mind (since neither in scientific terms exists). It has vast triumphs still before it in the discovery of processes, but in relativities and causations it has already called upon the metaphysicians for aid. "Physic of Metaphysic begs defence" as Pope prophetically wrote in the classic attack upon unillumined scholarship.*

Thinkers about science are already arising, who propose to function beyond the possibility of experiment.

But literature, except in the restricted area where it deals with and is based upon facts, has always been beyond proof, though not beyond reason. Its stuff and substance has never been dates, circumstances, sources, and reference, although the scientific scholar has been able to show how necessary is a right understanding of such matters to just appreciation. It is made of imagination, intuition, emotion, and prophecy; it is instinct with beauty, and the power of idea—indeed with precisely those intangibles which can be approached, but not controlled, by fact. It has a living relation to all life, and can no more be fully explained by its facts than life itself, which is a collocation of force exhibiting especial "pushiness," atoms swarming under laws which do not explain them, nor always hold, nonmatter synthesizing into an entity—a thing beyond experiment except as to its processes.

* * *

I say then that literary scholarship in America is precisely like those mercantilists of the eighteenth century who based their world policy upon a theory of limited application and brought the economic and political structure crashing on their heads. It has given its all to science when its part was less than science and its all more. It has wisely gone into the laboratory for aid, but most unwisely never come out. It has pinned all of literature to a fact, when a fact is not all of literature.

That is why we Americans have done more than our share in the rewriting of the history of English literature, and left that literature as art, as ideas, as emotion, pretty much where we found it. That is why if one wants to study literature *per se*, and not history, it is to essays long ago written (and usually for "popular" magazines) to which one turns, not to the transactions of learned societies, or if to them, to articles strangely out of place in a collection of factual evidence.

And the effect upon the profession of literary scholarship has been deadening; not so deadening as

* "The Dunciad" lends itself to apt quotation, with a substitution of names; but I will try to be more just than Pope and leave blanks where his malice pilloried scholars who were useful even if they were dull—

"The critic eye, that microscope of wit,
Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit:
How parts relate to parts, or they to whole,
The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
Are things which —, —, — shall see,
When man's whole frame is obvious to a flea."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

might be however, for if the American scholar has conformed in his production, his mind has been free. It is a commonplace that professors of literature go to their annual meetings, not to hear papers, but to talk. Talk, the mere talk of trained minds, who have profited by science, but know they must transcend it, has been more valuable, perhaps, in recent America than all our scholarly print. And much of it, fortunately, has passed on into teaching.

It is high time to see more clearly, to give the scientific scholar his due, for we do not wish to go back to the easy days of rhetoric and insufficient generalization, when Matthew Arnold could write upon Celtic literature without knowing a word of Celtic;—time to turn some portion of our great energy away from the accurate recording of literary history to the study of literature itself. Or shall we wait until our masters, the scientists, have preceded us?—until they return from beyond the atom to seek in the only perfect expression of mind, which is literature, some explanation of phenomena irreducible by law and experiment? When the metaphysicians follow we may bestir ourselves. Already philosophers like Croce and Whitehead, mathematicians, psychologists, are becoming our critics of literature.

The old oracle said, "All things have two handles: beware of the wrong one" . . . The scholar should be the delegated intellect whose business it is to correlate thinking. In the degenerate state . . . he tends to become . . . the parrot of other men's thinking.

The history of these ninety years should teach the scholar that science is a good handle, but not the only one. He grasped it, and proposed to move mountains. He has set some history in order, found the missing toe bones and arranged the skeleton. But now a brood of parrots searches the bushes for splinters. He must grasp the other handle or accept sterility—and he is none too virile now.

But the horizon is not too dark. Universities, fumbling toward the light, ask poets, essayists, playwrights to live and talk with them, and no questions asked except that they should be what they are. The poets should be inside the universities, for scholars in literature should be poets even if they never write a line of verse. We have the men and the minds to make use of this heavy load of investigation, even though a generation of creative youth has been driven from scholarship by disillusionment more bitter than economic necessity. We have the scientific training, although one suspects it is a second-hand and somewhat stale science. Yet it, or a better training in scientific methods, is indispensable, for if the area of literature in which facts count is small, it is the very clearing with which the garden of wisdom begins. Let us shake off this obsessive superstition that he who finds a date is saved, and may rest in salvation. Yes, we have settled Hoti's business (and a side-street affair it has proved): it is time to take up Pindar and Æschylus and the life and art for which Hoti was made.

Any Prison Is Hell

CONDEMNED TO DEVIL'S ISLAND. By Blair Niles. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1928. $3.

Reviewed by Frederick O'Brien

THIS fictional life of a young convict, deported from France to the penal colony in French Guiana made notorious by Dreyfus's imprisonment there, is a real and terrifying story told with art and sympathy. The miasma of prisons, the strange, persistent spirit of their inmates, the brutality of the law and its enforcers, and the common callousness of the outside world towards the condemned, are pictured with skill, so that the people and scenes of the novel are as vivid as facts and yet as bizarre and tragic as the stage and actors in a nightmare.

Blair Niles has succeeded in a most difficult form of literary effort—the presentation in ordinary, unstrained language of characters, scenes, motives, depravities, pangs, and passions far distant from the souls of her readers, as opposite from their strivings and arenas as war and peace, and yet made understandable and sympathetic by her own sincere emotions and rare ability.

The book is a poignant study of the cruelty of justice in a dreadful tropic, and is also an exciting novel of accumulating movement, queer types, and exotic background. It is a painting of the stark man-animal in heartrending circumstances, by the gentle brush of an artist-woman; unZolaesque—realism, horrors, obscenities in a soft medium.

Escape is the watchword of the prisoners of Devil's Island; the light by which they live; the nourishment that sustains them in the struggle against utter decay, against the death that would seem the end sought for them by their jailers. One remembers that some of the condemned *do* escape. Dieudonné, the gangster of Paris, did fifteen years in Guiana, and got away; to be arrested in Brazil, and finally pardoned on account of public clamor. Michel, the young leading man of Blair Niles's drama, a burglar in former free days, escapes. After tortures, starvation, despair, hope, he is caught when in sight of liberty, the Venezuelan coast, and dragged back to solitary confinement, severe punishment for his rebellion. Michel runs the gamut of prison experiences. Through his alert, boyish, always hopeful eyes, one views the abominations of the French experiment in punishment and isolation of the enemies of society.

The system is very bad. It reeks with sodomy, graft, sadism. Only the incredible, inextinguishable faith of the exiles in eventual evasion of their bars

"So Finally the Geniuses Were All Present"
(at the Algonquin Round Table)

From "But Gentlemen Marry Brunettes," by Anita Loos (Boni & Liveright)

illuminates the stinking cells of the sombre, brilliant story.

Prisons are depressing places everywhere. I have visited a number in China, Africa, South America, as well as in our country. The French, though not equalling in sheer stupid cruelty the Orientals, the Portuguese, or the Africans, yet are leaders in inhumanity towards convicts. Their prisons are failures of civilization, and the existence of the Guiana penal colony, Devil's Island, is a severe charge against the Republic. One has but to contrast Bilibid or Iwahig in the Philippines to see the immeasurable advance the United States has made away from France's murderous settlements. Jailers except in a few cases are sadists; their realm is a curious kingdom of moronic, sardonic egotism.

"Condemned," Mrs. Niles's book, is unique in her possession of the actualities and singular color of her scenes, in her compass of the minds of the characters, her non-use of melodrama or mere horror, and her constant support of the tension inherent in her plot. One reads the book with eagerness, with a mixture of hope and despair; one ends it with fear that man is not equal to his assumed task of chastising his erring brother into reform.

Roussenq, who had passed more than ten years alone in a nauseous cell in silence, a perpetual rebel against the life about him on Devil's Island, wrote:

> The opaque veil I am going to lift,
> And no consideration shall fetter me.
> Here bodies wish above everything
> To alleviate their torments.
> And here death hovers over an immense
> Distress.
> **Cast into our sad cells,**
> Condemned to silence, we desire to speak.
> Oh, far from raising man, prison
> Lowers him to the abyss.

Blair Niles has spoken adequately for Roussenq and the thousands who have perished on Devil's Island.

Funny, Obviously

BUT GENTLEMEN MARRY BRUNETTES. By Anita Loos. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by William Rose Benét

MISS LOOS'S second venture is before me, and, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" having been heard round the world, I suppose one is expected to say, "She might have known she couldn't repeat." Is one? It is true that to me this second book is rather terrible, but not terrible in the colloquial sense. It actually has filled me with a feeling of terror, or at least of such depression as sometimes clings to me for days after reading a relentless "realistic" novel.

Of course that's ridiculous, because the book must obviously be a funny book. People roared and shrieked and rolled on the floor about "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," didn't they? I'll admit I was amused by it myself. Well, in starting in on the brunette book, I was amused. I was mildly amused by Lorelei and Dorothy at the Algonquin. And then Lorelei began to tell Dorothy's story. That ought to have been a perfect scream. The trouble is I began to get rather the same feelings about it that have assailed me in reading the best of Sherwood Anderson. Which is, again, ridiculous, because obviously no two methods of attack could possibly be more dissimilar than those of Mr. Anderson and Miss Loos.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Of course Dorothy's father and Dorothy's stepmother and Dorothy's waffle-machine and the "Deputy Sherif" are all funny, up to about page 69, which is concerned with sacred and profane love,—and, incidentally just about the shrewdest page I have read for a long time on that fascinating general subject. There follow three chapters concerning how "the subjeck of 'Life' " was brought, as Lorelei puts it, to Dorothy's notice. Those are devastating chapters to a sensitive soul. They are, incidentally, devilishly well-written chapters. They contain any number of Dreiserian novels in capsule. In fact, they will save you shelf-room. You can take nine tenths, or ninety-nine one-hundredths, of all the realistic novels old or new in your library, and sell them for $2.50 to those who buy second-hand books; and then you can cut out those three chapters and have them bound appropriately, and set them up on the top shelf of your now yawningly empty book-case, and you will have all that matters in those nine hundred and ninety-nine novels (or however many there were) classically compressed into about forty small pages of hard, brisk comment. And if you are at all like me, you rather forget that in those forty pages, the amiable nit-wit, Lorelei, is supposed to be amusing you by her illiteracy. No. This is "ackshally" life. As I say, it filled me with a certain terror. I must be soft-boiled.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Dorothy, back in New York and at the Algonquin, and getting into the Follies is some more, less poignant, "life." Dorothy falling in love with, and lending money to, and finally marrying Lester, the saxophone player, begins to go Ernest Hemingway.

> Well, Dorothy thought it would be quite a good idea to buy a revolver on Sixth Avenue and shoot him.

Yes, I suppose Dorothy in Paris is funny. But along in the next chapter, after Mr. Abels has sent for a "silent business partner,"

> And about five o'clock in the morning when everybody was in the heights of good spirits, Jerry went into a little alcove to look out the window. And then he called to Lester and said, "Come on in here, Pal, and look at the swell sunrise!" Well, Lester went into the alcove to look, but his foot must have slipped because he fell out the window. And the verdick was suicide.

And don't tell me the funeral is funny,—in spite of "A wenche's curse on such as he!" The funniest chapter I read was Chapter Nine. For in it "Mrs. Breene is very aristocratic, her ideas are quite broad-minded, for being so wealthy." Dorothy at Mrs. Breene's soirée, and how she punished the champagne and then went into her dance, thereby achieving an enormous success, may rouse more than a smile. After all, I don't wish to seem entirely sombre about this book.

I like hard-bitten books. This is one of them. Miss Loos, I know, is pigeonholed as a humorist.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She certainly commands a quick line. But despite that fact her latest seems to me much more like an automatic revolver. And yet it's only Lorelei babbling along. However, perhaps I too much resemble Mr. Dudley Field Malone as he is presented in Miss Loos's text. For "When he heard Dorothy's troubles, his blood boiled over." No, mine doesn't boil over,—but here and there "But Gentlemen Marry Brunettes" gives me a severe chill.

"But Gentlemen Marry Brunettes," has, in fine, made a deeper impression upon me than the book that must have made Miss Loos a millionairess. And now I understand that Miss Loos isn't going to write any more books. All I can say is, I'm sorry. I want to have another chill.

Mr. Shaw as a Socialist

(*Continued from page* 981)

with making the impress of this or that aspect, shown in its most dramatic significance, pierce the mind of the attentive reader. This he accomplishes in a vivid way. One no more tires of his analysis than one tires of his talk upon the stage; and one even catches the accent of his characters as he proceeds in his dissection. He pays the price, of course, for this dramatic intuition. What he sees, he sees with astonishing and picturesque vigor. But he neither sees all that is there, nor does he report his vision in a full perspective. I do not think his analysis of concepts would stifle the doubts of great economic logicians like Cannan or Schumpeter. They would see the artful selection, the skilful color, the smoke-screen which conceals difficulties neatly skirted. But I cannot conceive of anyone, not a specialist in technique, who would not be driven back, by Mr. Shaw's effective rhetoric, to the foundations of his belief.

Again, it is clear that Mr. Shaw is less interested in administration than in principle. He sees with amazing clarity what he thinks ought to be done; he can put with unsurpassed vigor a convincing case for doing it. But he is, I should judge, either completely ignorant of, or almost without interest in, what may be termed the institutional pattern of achievement. He tells you what is wrong; he insists vigorously upon what is right; but he has not the remotest idea in the world how to make the transition from the one to the other. He is like an architect who draws you the plans of a new house, but leaves you the actual work of building it.

And it is curious to note (the appendix on books shows it painfully) the stability of his mind. He is still the man of "Fabian Essays." He knows (none better) his Marx, his Mill, his Jevons, his Webb. But what has happened in economic and political theory since their time, has, evidently, never come his way. There is a story of Napoleon meeting Siéyès after the Empire had been born and remarking to him with a sneer that he was still the man of 1789; "yes," said the veteran theorist with dignity, "principles are not subject to the law of change." Mr. Shaw is still the man of the 'eighties; and he has not thought it necessary to look into his doctrine. There he seems to trust to his commonsense, on the one hand, and his personal contacts on the other. These are guides to be respected; but they do not always lead him to attack the most difficult mountains. There are realms, accordingly, in which his point of view, his weapons, his direction, are well known, but obsolete.

* * *

The pattern and thesis of the book are admirably clear. He draws a picture of capitalist civilization and its consequences which is one of the most effective indictments that have ever been written; indeed, in the last seventy years, only the first volume of Marx and the Webbs' "Decay of Capitalist Civilization" can challenge comparison with it. This indictment centers about the relentless analysis of the profit-making motive as the keystone of the arch in contemporary civilization, and it is properly revealed for the mean, nasty, corrupt thing that it is. That is Mr. Shaw's major premise. Let us know capitalism, he says in effect, for the thing it is in our daily lives: a system which deprives the rich of honor and the poor of self-respect. It is devoid of moral decency. It curses those who succeed and those who fail. It deprives civilization of any basis in ethical right. Thence Mr. Shaw passes to his fundamental conclusion. Socialism for him means equality of income and the whole analysis of where we now stand is made to reveal the immense advantage which would come from the disappearance of economic inequality. It is a drastic conclusion; and from certain remarks near the end of the book, I gather that Mr. Shaw would rest content with an approximation to his ideal. But he works out in detail the advantages, moral, biological, psychological, which would result from such equality, and the general truth of his insistence seems, to one reader at least, beyond denial.

The argument, I think, can be briefly summarized in this way. If we rely on the profit-making motive as the essential incentive to effort in society, there can never be adequate attention to the needs of men. Significance becomes attached, not to the realization of personality, but to the response to the power of property. Any hope of a decently organized state then disappears. Law becomes the protector of rich men's luxuries, and the preventive, sometimes in form, sometimes in substance, of poor men's needs. Liberty becomes meaningless because it is only genuine in the context of equality. Differences of property act as a poison in the social system. Production is emphasized not in relation to what society requires, but in relation to effective demand—a power exerted without regard to, often in defiance of, human wants as a whole. The only cure for this is to put men on an equal footing in the face of effective demand. Motives to effort can then be read in their social context. Institutions will operate to satisfy genuine needs and the priority of these needs is given its proper emphasis. In a society of economic equals, men become significant by what they do, and not by reason of the property of which they are an annex. Poverty, with its evils of dirt and disease, ignorance and self-abasement, will disappear. Co-ordination of effort for the planning of life as a creative whole then becomes possible.

* * *

Mr. Shaw stands firmly by parliamentary government as the safest vehicle of change. He accepts Mr. Webb's famous "inevitability of gradualness" in all its implications. The cut and thrust of party conflict will, he argues, drive even Conservatism to the increasing adoption of socialist measures. Not, of course, that Mr. Shaw is blind to the dangers of revolution. He realizes that impatience of reaction, or a plunge into war, may easily release catastrophic forces. But he does not accept the value of this change. All the spade-work would still have to be done, and only government by discussion would enable it to be done at all effectively. So insistent, indeed, is Mr. Shaw on the value of constitutionalism (I hope he will send his book to his hero, Mussolini) that he denies in set terms that any revolution can be creative; and he dismisses general strikes as simple folly. Here, it may be urged, the problem is much more complicated than a good dialectician like Mr. Shaw is prepared to admit as a basis for argument. There have been creative revolutions again and again in history in the sense that a forcible dispossession of the governing class was an essential preliminary to the radical improvement of society. And Mr. Shaw's easy confidence in inevitable improvement might linger over the memory that no class of owners has ever peacefully abdicated from their authority. Of course it is better that they should. The real question (which Mr. Shaw does not seriously treat) is, first, whether they will, and second, what we are to do if they won't. For abdication or repression are the only roads to the equality Mr. Shaw desires.

It would require a small book to dwell at all adequately upon all the themes Mr. Shaw discusses. Religion, marriage, children, the toleration of dissident opinion, education; upon all these he discourses with point and insight. One is not always certain —perhaps he is not certain—what he really wants to do, and, sometimes, as in the discussion of children, the best part is what he says by the way rather than in his treatment of the central theme. Sometimes, too, he gets his effects, like the superb controversialist that he is, by entrapping you into the acceptance of a syllogism and neglecting then to remind you that life itself it obstinately incapable of syllogistic treatment. He is always better in depicting situations than in building institutions. He has a better sense—like Rousseau—of humanity than of men. He is the supreme doctrinaire whenever it comes to the problem of applying his principles. But the book is as a whole capital and impressive because of its saving commonsense. It shows how completely a vigorous analysis of capitalist method necessarily puts the protagonists of capitalism upon the defensive. It reveals its fundamental inability to build a society in which there is a due proportion between justice and the event. Emphatically, it is not a Utopia. It is rather so penetrating a critique of the present as to lead logically to alternative social foundations.

I have been too long absent from America to know at all what kind of reception awaits the book there. Historically, at least, a plea for equality ought not to be without its echo in an American audience. I would point to things which would have made Jefferson angry that he had not thought of them as answers to the delusive attractions of Hamilton. I would point to arguments which describe ideals which, in their eighteenth-century setting, were responsible for the influence of America in Europe. The picture the book draws of capitalist society would, of course, need new emphasis to make it applicable in detail to the civilization of a new continent. America does not suffer from an old feudalism; it is too busy building the new. Opportunity is still there great enough to persuade everyone under thirty that the heights beyond can be scaled. Yet, *mutatis mutandis*, if I were an American I should ponder upon Mr. Shaw's analysis. In a world reduced to the unity of economic interdependence the tale he tells is likely, at least in large outline, to be told of others. And it deserves to be scanned not only as a masterly statement of Fabianism in its heroic period, but as a great moral appeal to consider the ultimate principle of our lives.

Debunking Dietetics

EAT, DRINK, AND BE HEALTHY. An Outline of Rational Dietetics. By CLARENCE W. LIEB, M.D. New York: The John Day Co. 1928. $1.50.

Reviewed by JOHN E. LIND, M.D.
St. Elizabeth's Hospital

THE thesis of this book was shadowed forth years ago by Abe Martin, who spoke to this effect: "Wouldn't it be awful if, after all these years, spinach wasn't really healthy?" Now turn to page 117 and read these emancipating excerpts: "One of the worst of all food-fallacies is the belief that spinach is the 'king of vegetables' . . . spinach is doing more harm than good, particularly among children. . . . It is bad for very many people. . . . There is really no good reason why any household should feel that it must serve spinach, unless it is the only green that the family can afford . . ." and so on. Nor are these the railings of a discontented layman whose childhood was poisoned by this noxious green. Doctor Lieb speaks with authority. He has studied the subject in the laboratory and in human stomach.

Those of the so-called human race who are really interested in their gastro-intestinal systems should read this book. They will learn something of the abuse to which they are subjecting their martyred mucosæ. They will learn the real truth in such fads as calory counting and yeast ingestion.

Doctor Lieb tends to be a bit arbitrary in his statements at times, but one gathers that these are not the pompous pronouncements of a dietetic dictator, but rather the end-results of patient investigation.

His verdict on alcohol will interest this bone-dry nation, if only with a retrospective thrill. He says, "Alcoholic beverages of the right kind of purity, if properly used at the right time, can do much good. . . . . They often improve appetite and digestion, minimize the effects of worry or exhaustion, are conducive to relaxation, and even induce sleep. . . ." He refers, he is at pains to explain, to real liquor. For what passes for such nowadays he has nothing

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....*Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.....*Associate Editor*
AMY LOVEMAN.....*Associate Editor*
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.....*Contributing Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....*Publisher*

Published weekly, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President; Roy E. Larsen, Vice-President; Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates, per year, postpaid; in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. IV. No. 48.

Copyright, 1928, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but bitter reproaches. Hear him on the subject of Prohibition: "I have been amazed by the great increase in disorders of the digestive tract since the prohibition law went into effect. . . ." In fact, he says, a new disease has appeared which he calls the "Prohibition Syndrome." The symptoms are malaise, capricious appetite, headache, morning nausea, pain in abdomen, and sometimes spots before the eyes and slight bleeding from the stomach.

Doctor Lieb's suggestion for the relief of the Prohibition system is remarkable for its brevity, clarity and truth. He says—the italics are his own: "*Have your liquor examined by the best chemists only.*"

In short, here, as elsewhere in his book, Doctor Lieb is the mouthpiece of no fads, the dupe of no theories. He tells you what to eat and why, points out what is necessary to a healthy diet and why danger lurks in the unrestricted use of such things as bran, yeast, sugar, and coffee.

The finicky eater and the hearty trencherman alike can read his book with pleasure and profit.

The Third Sitwell

THE CYDER FEAST and Other Poems. By SACHEVERELL SITWELL. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1927.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

OF the three Sitwells, Sacheverell is at one time the least provoking, the mildest-idiomed, and the most traditional. He has none of Osbert's half-angry, half-amused satire that is nine-tenths scorn; little of Edith's glassy *timbre* and her nostalgia for childhood seen through a prism of distorted epithets. He does not fashion "new instruments of beauty," as Osbert (in the dedication of his latest volume, "England Reclaimed") insists Edith does; he does not find

New Indias of modern sense and sound.

Sacheverell, in short, is not primarily an

Ascetic artist of the painting word.

The youngest of the Sitwells, less distinctive than his strepitant sister and brother, is a more typically English poet. His larger efforts would seem to dispute this; his "Canons of Giant Art" and "Doctor Donne and Gargantua" (of which this volume contains the third canto, the fourth still to appear) are definite exercises in the modern manner. But they are not the poet. Try as he will with the resources of the brain, his art is not in them. His art (and, for that matter, his heart) expands and has its response in the lyrics—a group of twenty-five is the book's roundest note—which had their beginnings in "The Thirteenth Century." Apart from a dissonance or two, an inverted image, a strained and dislocated adjective, these horticultural verses might have been written in the eighteenth century as well as (and possibly better than) the twentieth.

It seems that the more "modern" modernists turn their eyes not to formless futurism, but to the most precise past. Thus we find T. S. Eliot rediscovering Dryden, Humbert Wolfe looting the Greek Anthology, Edith Sitwell (turning from Gertrude Stein and Dr. Steiner) penning an introduction to the religious rhymes of Jane Taylor! And here, in the midst of the "alchemy of dank leaves," one finds the youngest of the Sitwells writing "Four Variations on William Browne of Tavistock," "Variations Upon a Couplet of Alexander Pope," "An Adaptation from John Milton,"—even a "Variation on a Theme by Robert Herrick." Moreover, most of the poems not "adapted," those in which the theme is avowedly "original" betray accents of a period that is scarcely Sitwellian. For example:

For flower of day's pale light, I'll say
The hyacinth, sweet foot of day,
Still smelling of the star's wet wood
In midday's high and lonely mood;
The gales from that Hesperides
This keeps and stores up for the bees.

Elsewhere the line is less obviously fluent; the half-stop is managed with neatness; the irruption of a species of architectural fancy is not unnatural in one who has already established himself as an ardent appraiser if not an authority on Baroque Art.

There are those who will always prefer the superior savagery of Osbert. There are still more who will relish the polyphonic (and xylophonic) *glissandos* of Edith. But for the few who enjoy the translated past, the archaic with new harmonies, Sacheverell (in spite of his lapses into rhetoric) will be the first rather than the last of the Sitwells.

Mr. Moon's Notebook

June 7: *Merry-go-round on MacDougal.*

I ASSOCIATE Spring in New York largely with Washington Square. It is not always the Spring of the poets. Particularly this year has the Spring failed us. One might as well have been living in Norway. Still, the evenings do lengthen and the trees do put forth their leaves. And, once there is enough warmth to make one shuck one's overcoat, the Italian population, or a good part of it, comes forth from that trinity of streets that cut southward from the Square, to bask on park benches and throng the winding walks. Over them now a new pharos glows as the long evening darkens, from the Assyrio-Egyptian looking structure at No. 1 Fifth Avenue, that embattled pile which should rightly be girdled with hanging gardens, dwarfing, as it does, the ghostly Arch completely and the thin red line of residences that still stand firm on the North side against the encroaching tide of mammoth apartment houses.

From Eighth Street of the many amusing lighted shops and stores, one can turn south, on the West side of the Square, and hear rise like a swelling tide the chatter and shuffling footsteps of the crowds there loitering. One fares on past Washington Place, of the basement Italian restaurants, and comes to the entrance of MacDougal Street. A poet, Samuel McCoy, once wrote a good poem on Thompson Street, MacDougal's parallel neighbor, only separated from it by the third of the trinity, Sullivan. But no one has yet, that I know of, written a poem about MacDougal Street. Yet it deserves celebration.

Uptowners know only the first block of it south of the Square. For there stands the stronghold of the Provincetown Players, and there are various odd places of all kinds in which to dine. Behind some more sequestered doors, indeed, pleasing concoctions may be procured, if you have the entrée. A number of basement restaurants are open to the street, with an easy view of the gipsyish tables. There are several more expansive and expensive looking places. The old "Golden Eagle," of course, is gone; though there is a restaurant of the same name—but is it the same restaurant?—now on 9th Street. The old Christine's—correct me if I err—is also a thing of the past. Up a long, shadowed, creaking staircase, one once found it the stronghold of Bohemia. I do not patronize MacDougal Street much nowadays, though one place that has recently been refurbished and has comfortable corners in which to dispose oneself, serves excellent scrambled eggs at an uncannily late hour, as I recently had occasion to determine. But this is the first block merely of MacDougal Street. Most uptowners never get south of West Third.

* * *

South of West Third, MacDougal swarms with Italian life, and Bleecker is now a new Main Street in that part of the town. And south of Bleecker one runs into the MacDougal Street side of that near-block of communally-owned red-fronted houses, the back yards of which, together with the back yards of the similar group on Sullivan, have been fashioned into trim gardens and a middle lawn of green with a surrounding path and comfortable benches for owners and lodgers in that fortunate area. Lounging on a bench in this preserve, of a summer evening, after having dined well in the awninged rear-court of a tea-room within it, there is plenty of summer evening sky above you—for the roof lines are low—the ailanthus trees flourish more greenly than most city ailanthus trees, the green of the middle lawn is grateful to the eye, the noises of the seething street are ramparted away and do not fall harshly upon the ear. It is a zone of almost bucolic quiet.

Gradually window by window the lights come out in the flanking houses. Someone works late pruning a hedge of one of the little gardens. From another, in which the proprietors or the tenants sit out-doors talking, comes a ripple of casual conversation and laughter. Italy gathers on the street-corners outside, boys race abandonedly on skirring home-made "scooters," small-fry shriek and run underfoot, voluminous Italian mothers and grandmothers loom from doorways and windows; there is great chaffering and banter. Under the more garish lights of Bleecker Street, folk loiter by the brilliantly lighted plate-glass windows displaying all manner of clothes and furniture. There is a continual clotting and unclotting of groups of full-voiced people. But to this interior haven the noise of it all is muffled.

Close to 9 o'clock, however, one says goodnight and again essays the street. It is darker now. A lighted "El" train flashes across MacDougal on Third with a glimmer of golden windows. Afar, up the dark gut, it seems a portent from the sky. Forms of swarming folk are shadowy in the block below Third. And then one is aware, above the babel of tongues, of that round, hurrah-boys, rambling melody that is only made by a hurdy-gurdy or street-piano. And suddenly there are many more children, risen from all about one and crowding hastily along the curb. Passage is blocked. One pushes slowly on—and beholds the centre of their attraction, a large maroon traveling merry-go-round.

* * *

This is an odd vehicle. The ancient horse that draws it stands bored and placid. For this merry-go-round has come to us on wheels, like a chariot, and will depart on wheels. Midway of its strange organization is a street-piano, sure enough,—and its whole rear is a large revolving maroon drum, at this moment packed with shrieking and whirling children, the small, plump, black-eyed Italian children who would surely be the first of all youngest folk to follow the pied piper—should he appear—to wheresoever he piped.

A robust Italian who guards the step of ingress, has started the street piano. Its tune is in time to the spinning of the merry-go-round which a large boy has impelled and is keeping in motion by an iron handle, as one cranks a refractory car. Then he desists. The ample maroon drum whirls of its own momentum; expertly the large Italian lessens its speed, brings it to a gradual standstill. He stops the piano. The breathless journey is over. The grimy pennies have received their full value,—at least, in the eyes of the proprietor, for children always desire and clamor for repetition—even as they are clamoring now. That batch, however, with cries and comment to each other, perforce descends. There is a rush for the step on the part of a new contingent. There is counting of fares and of noses. The rotary drum bulges with its fresh freight. The large boy bends to his crank-handle. The piano jangles quickly into a wilder tune.

I stood in the crowd of relatives and idlers and watched this go on for some time. Then, the affluence of MacDougal Street having apparently reached an ebb—at least, insofar as merry-go-rounds were concerned—the Napoleon of the maroon roundabout dismissed any more fares with a Mussolini gesture, shut up his machine, and climbed to his driver's seat. His philosophical horse leaned to the traces. The extraordinary vehicle moved north toward the Square, neatly side-swiping a push-cart. Orpheus with his lute receded into the wildwood whence he came. Pan rumbled off to Arcady. A tide of tousled and dizzy children overflowed into the street behind him, back to chase the errant rubber ball and to retrace blurred hop-scotch chalk-lines. That brief and particular fiesta was over.

* * *

Well, it was a great excitement while it lasted. It pleased me more than most public entertainments that I have seen. I had never viewed a traveling merry-go-round before, being accustomed in my youth only to the type of thing that you ride on in fair-grounds and at Coney Island, the stationary affair with dappled horses and an occasional dingy deer. The maroon roundabout boasted no fabulous animals on which to ride, at least I could see none. Evidently there were merely small seats. But I am nearsighted and that part of the street was not well lit. Being less than ordinary merry-go-round size, I can imagine it may have boasted large rabbits. Some of the children were small enough to ride on large rabbits.

I wish I had a traveling merry-go-round. I should like a marvelous affair, all valiant colors and gilding, drawn by two grand white horses, of the old fire-engine type. I should like it hung with streamers. I should like its animals to be painted giraffes and zebras and—certainly—a lion and a unicorn. I should like to drive it all up and down the trinity of streets south of the square, playing "The Campbells are Coming" and "British Grenadiers" and "Glory, glory, Halleluiah."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Those are not, of course, Italian anthems, but they would be superb to spin around to, as I cranked up the revolving machine. If I had money and leisure enough to proprietor such an undertaking I should have money and leisure enough to give everyone a ride free—one ride—oh, well, maybe two. I shouldn't look too closely for "repeaters." Why doesn't some millionaire invest in a philanthropic fleet of such things to make Spring a truly gala occasion for the grubby infants of New York? I suppose what we really need are far greater projects, to do away with slums, for instance, and properly to house and environ the community. But the great thing when you are young, that you ever after remember, is the occasional miracle of a merry-go-round or an organ-grinder with a monkey, or something like that. Still, I shouldn't want to put that stout Napoleon of the maroon roundabout out of business. He is at present the god from the machine. He deserves the pennies he gets. He seems to me a public benefactor. Maybe he will eventually become a Woolworth of Merry-go-Rounds; one on every corner. It would be splendid to see some merry-go-rounds on Fifth Avenue. It would make the noon hours a lot brighter. Sidewalk cafés, merry-go-rounds, open dancing-platforms,—but of what am I dreaming? I must think I'm in Paris—or else a candidate for election!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

(To be Continued)

A Norwegian Saga

THE NORNS ARE SPINNING. By ANDREAS HAUKLAND. New York: Macy-Masius. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by PHILLIPS D. CARLETON

HERE is a book for the reader to wedge on his shelves somewhere between his copy of the "Grettir Saga" and the great trilogies of Sigrid Undset. It explains the first and prepares the way for the second. The racy and idiomatic style of the sagas leaves the casual reader often at a loss for a background to the strange world to which he is abruptly introduced—and "The Norns Are Spinning" gives this background. The author is careful to show conditions on the mainland of Norway before the great chiefs left for Iceland. Sigrid Undset's dark probings into the mind of medieval man are admirably complete in themselves, but Mr. Haukland's historical novel throws light on the pagan era just preceding, a civilization lawless and fierce, unbitten as yet by introspection, whose surplus energies turned lightly to vigorous feuds.

Mr. Haukland has here turned from the sea to the inner dales of the great land owners and shown us a different mode of life. He touches this life with a none too tender pen; there is no rosy mist upon the pages. A drunken feast of betrothal; an insult offered; a feud smouldering, suddenly breaking out into house-burning, the slaughter of a whole clan; an outlawed man forced to flee with his infant son; the life of the outlaw and the terrible ending when the prophecy of the old spaewife is fulfilled—a list of incidents that is grim enough. But the author has done more than simply tell his story; he unrolls along with it some carefully worked historical backgrounds; there is a definite and successful attempt to show the civilization in which the story has taken place. He has been most fortunate, however, in his depiction of the outlaw's life—a period of almost idyllic rest in the turmoil of the book. His outlaw has distinguished predecessors in Norse literature from Grettir the Strong to the last of his line in Iceland who furnished Sigurjonsson the hero for his play "Bjerg Ejvind." Thorstein, cut off from the outside world, lives back in the mountain valleys of an unsettled land, trapping elk, fishing, and with his growing son working the bog iron until the fated moment of his discovery. This section of the book shows in the author a pleased and intimate knowledge of the hills.

The reader will not find in "The Norns Are Spinning" the delicate artistry with which Sigrid Undset or Hamsun has probed into the recesses of human nature. Indeed, in the quick running plot some of the characters are left ill-defined; Grima, modeled after the fierce, proud women of the sagas, —the source of the tragedy of the book—never becomes wholly real. But he will find an historical novel that does what it sets out to do—to envisage a definite period of great interest and to tell a rousing story well. Mr. Haukland has not tried to expand the saga form or to bring it up to date. His modern framework has given him more freedom and made a better tale.

Mr. Ten Eyck should be complimented on his translation; he has kept the style of the book fluent and idiomatic, and solved many difficulties by the use of an adept diction. The publishers have supported him well with the glittering volume they have put out.

The Human Comedy

THE TORCHES FLARE. By STARK YOUNG. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by BRAY HAMMOND

THERE are two occasions when one is moved to feel that the finest grace of a novel is thoughtfulness: once in reading one that lacks that quality and again in reading one that possesses it. Thoughtfulness, by virtue of its last two syllables implies patience, feeling, openness, and beyond those virtues a love of life and a love of consciousness, which is the reflection of life. Without it a story may be observant, it may burst with action, its characters may shine like flames, and still it remains a lumpy bundle of stuff, like kindlings in a sack. Thoughtfulness is the condition that brings about fusion. It is a condition, only, however—never an end in itself.

"The Torches Flare" is written out of a mind that is attentive both to life and to the manner in which it shall be presented. It is not written merely to rattle off a story, but to isolate and weigh certain related circumstances of human life. And this is true even though merely as a narrative it is direct and animated—for it would not do to give the impression that Mr. Young's pages are laden with philosophy. On the contrary they are full of conversation and action, but conversation and action intelligently and purposively worked out. In other words, Mr. Young writes as an artist, just as his Henry Boardman, who tells the story, wanted to write. For he said: "I wanted my writing to be what life is—exact, most precise and actual, like the ground under my feet, like my eyes seeing, like my feet walking, my body, my hands, but exalted too, rising into its exaltation."

Well, Mr. Young does what his hero wanted to do.

There is a combination of coolness and affection about his writing that expresses an unusual personality: as of one who can never look too much on life, and yet is never thrown off his balance by what he sees—one who loves and still remains discriminative. The first part of the story is set in New York, in the midst of its hard-boiled world of artists and Villagers and Columbia professors; the second part in a small college town in the south, the usual course of events being simply reversed; and by moving his modern people thus from their metropolitan modernity to an Arcadia of eld and quietude he gets reliefs and contrasts that are fascinating, and yet at the same time unconcocted.

In the matter of character, he succeeds in presenting people who are undeniably human and yet carry with them an unobtrusive but inescapable symbolic value. They differ prodigiously therefore from the note-book or filmed type of character which has a factual value in one dimension, and stops right there. His heroine, whom one believes in implicitly, becomes the very earthly lover of one man and the sublimated ideal of another, and though the earthly relationship goes to smash the inference is that the ideal one never will—so long at any rate as there is ink, for what she was, says Henry Boardman, "had passed into me and the things I wrote, forever."

To accept that sublimation is the hardest thing a worldly-minded reader is asked to do. One wonders indeed if Mr. Young really expects it, or if he was not moved less by idealism than by the horrible alternative of leaving his hero and heroine where Jane Austen always left hers. To be sure, Henry Boardman and the lady are still alive and young and unencumbered at the end, so that the flesh may triumph over the beautiful after all.

Meanwhile, in the most innocent way in the world, the other man is allowed to become perfectly damnable. But Mr. Young does everything innocently. He points no fingers, hangs out no signs. He merely says this and that—delightful, amusing, unpretentious things—and you find yourself knowing much more that is left unsaid. To write as he has is a notable thing.

Main Street in Ukraine

THE LEGEND CALLED MERYOM. By JOSEPH GAER. New York: William Morrow. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS GOLDING

Author of "The Miracle Boy"

IF Mr. Gaer's first novel, "The Legend Called Meryom," had no more absolute value, it would remain a historic document worthy of some attention. Mr. Gaer has provided us with the character and aspects of a Jewish Main Street in Ukraine, with rather more humor and considerably more economy than those with which an English contemporary, Mr. Bernard Gilbert, has sought to perpetuate the character of Main Street in Rutlandshire. Around the personality of the maiden called Meryom, he has built up, in Lipcova, a portrait of the typical pre-revolutionary Jewish small town, a task which merits applause; for the Lipcovas are almost as certainly dead as the Roman city of Timgad in the Sahara and the Frankish city of Mistra over against Sparta; and unlike these, will present to the curious eyes of posterity no paved forum, no slabs of mosaic, by which the curious may reinterpret them. Lipcova is dead. The revolution in Russia did more to annul it in a few brief years than ten centuries of Muslim wrath and Saharan sand-storm to annul Dougga or El Djem.

It might have been of use to Mr. Gaer and ourselves if he had made up his mind whether his primary intention was to present a portrait of Meryom subsidiary to the portrait of the small town she lived in, or a portrait of Lipcova interpreted by the stages of her evolution. She obstinately refuses in our minds to become legendary in the dramatic or heroic aspects of the word, not even in that climacteric moment when she arises in the tiny library where the progressive spirits of the village are gathered together and there delivers herself of such a homily as would do no discredit to a lady typist employed by Mr. Sidney Webb. She remains obscure. She remains, despite all Mr. Gaer's covert insistences upon her fragrance and valor, much less interesting than we had hoped. It is perhaps a defect of Mr. Gaer's inexperience that he has not learned how to occupy passionately the marrow and blood of his protagonist.

With the minor characters, who do not need so forceful and exhausting a spiritual process, he has been wholly successful. There is the authentic illusion of vitality in Beila, Meryom's sharp-tongued mother, in Azriel the shoemaker and teller of tales, in Elka, in Shloimke Shimon's. The consequence is that the work is static; or at most that it proceeds in a mere chronologic sequence, as a frieze proceeds in a typographic sequence. The coördination which a living Meryom would have introduced into these pages, is lacking. She dies. There is no reason for the book to end with her death. It does not, in fact.

Mr. Gaer has failed, therefore, in the nobler task of the novelist—the enrichment of our experience by a character of such impetus that, whether we love or detest it, it has added itself permanently to our world. In the lesser task he has succeeded, the rendering of a community, a state of society. It will be interesting to speculate how Mr. Gaer will succeed when he turns his attention from an atavism, however picturesque, however worthy of academic chronicling, to the delineation of groups and individuals actuated by living and important impulses; to the very progeny of Lipcova, perhaps, in the conditions which now beset them, "midway between the swiftly flowing river Pruth and the gently gliding Dniester, prostrated forlornly upon the breast of the vast Bessarabian corn-fields." And if the author has had no direct experience of these conditions, the very opportunity will be provided him for the exercise of those faculties of imaginative creation which are the privilege and responsibility of the novelist, those faculties he has not brought to the evocation of Meryom and with which he must not fail to evoke Meryom's granddaughter. But there are certain affectations in Mr. Gaer's language, which that young lady will disapprove of strongly. She will not have him speak of a "gallinaceous chorus," when he means a "chorus of cocks." She will not have him talk of the "dolorific" cry of birds; and she would rather he said of her she was downright ugly than accuse her of "feminine pulchritude."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bowling Green

Off the Deep End

SHE'S what yachtsmen call one of the 12's; which means, I think, that she measures twelve meters on the water-line. But I won't be too sure about that, for the lingo of scientific yachting is full of conventional and arbitrary terms. As education for a philosopher I recommend a deep-water voyage in a racing craft on her maiden trip. For here is a beautiful plaything, a perfect theory, an algebraic equation of stresses (or guesses) and strains, existing previously in blue-prints only, suddenly put out to earn her first offing in the dirty weather of the Nova Scotia coast. It is Jonathan Edwards embarking on life in some gay abstraction about the Fall of Man. Do you wonder that when you go to sea in a paradox, an hypothesis, and she weathers it all, comes through, you love her? I am not skilful enough to conjure up all the fabulous essence of that voyage; but if you'll be patient I'll tell about it as it comes back to me. I see her again, a white fancy in the opal shine of noon, as the tug *Togo* cast us off in the fog of Halifax bay. New, untried, with stiff gear and 1952 square feet of canvas and all her pretty little brass winches still unverdigrised by salt. A doctrine, an ecstasy, a theory going out with a letter of introduction to Fact. Yes, the right place for a philosopher!

So I won't be sure about her water-line, but her long beautiful overhang, almost identical forward and aft, gives her 69½ feet over-all. If you lie on deck looking overstern (in a gentle weather) and see how smoothly she slips through water, you'll perceive that she's more than mere theory. Afloat in calm, with her white canvas up, she looks like a figure drifted from the pages of Euclid. Perhaps the idea is to make these racing craft as near an isosceles triangle as possible. Her tall mast (incredibly, terrifyingly tall to one accustomed only to knockabout craft: 80 feet above deck, 8 feet below) is stepped nearly amidship; and with Marconi rig (a triangular mainsail, no gaff) and a boom that does not project outboard you can imagine her an almost perfect segment of a huge circle. Her fore and back stays are the chords, her white hull the curve of the arc. To one all ignorant of racing boats everything about her in rig and gear was an astonishment. But certainly the internationalist finds her a good omen, for she was planned by a famous New York designer, built in Germany, her canvas is signed by Ratsey of Cowes and she was delivered in Halifax. *Iris*, her name, and I expect you'll see her picture in the rotogravures, leaning flat over in some gusty racing weather on Long Island Sound. The Commodore will be at the tiller and the New York Yacht Club pennant aloft. I hope it'll be the same pennant and not a new one: the little flag that whipped away four inches of its length in that wind we had off Cape Sable.

♣ ♣ ♣

I shall always associate the adventure, in a left-handed way, with Edmond de Goncourt; who would, incidentally, have been a good man to record it. He would have felt all its suggestions to the full, but how (I kept thinking) he would have hated it. The lover of Parisian cafés and salons, the endless gossiper upon æsthetic niceties, devotee of the lamplit foolscap and the leisurely phrase, how delightfully ill he would have been and how unhappy in oilskins. As I write this, I get out my Halifax oilies again, to smell them and try to imagine what de Goncourt would have thought of that fascinating horrid whiff. To get it at its best, of course, you must be prodded up at 3 A. M. to go up for the dawn watch—the lobster trick as newspaper men used to call it. Gaping, sodden, stupefied, heavy in half a dozen layers of clothing, propped against the bulkhead of a reeling cabin, colder than the eye of Calvin Coolidge (such was the irreverent phrase we invented to describe the gray water of New Scotland) you stumble into those clammy crinkly gelatinous yellow overalls. And you will never do it without an ironic thought of their trade name. BANKERS' IDEAL is the phrase stamped on them; and you think of various merry bankers of your acquaintance, warm in their beds to looard of Park Avenue. Of course it's a different kind of banker that the oilskin merchant has in mind: the fisherman of the Grand and lesser banks. But thereafter, if ever you're inclined to complain of the heat, you can summon up that smell, and see the patient Commodore (a great contemner of sleep) outlined against a speckle of stars waiting to be relieved at the helm. De Goncourt, I believe, would not have been at his best. There is no reason for my bringing him into the picture, except that his Journal (a copy of which I had just found at Mendoza's) was the book I took along to read on board the *Nerissa*, the comfortable Red Cross ship that took us to Halifax. But in the *Iris* de Goncourt remained on the shelf unread. I used to see him there and think how unhappy he would have been. He was too sensitive. He describes how once, travelling in a railway train, he saw seven Englishmen wind their watches simultaneously, in a sort of automatic unison. The symbolic horror of this made him feel quite ill, so much so that he moved to another compartment.

It was in the *Nerissa*, during the two-day run to Halifax, that my spirit, always a lively foreboder, became aware of the fact that there is a great deal of water between Long Island Sound and Nova Scotia. Yet one did not brood this excessively, for as one shipmate remarked, when the voyage was first discussed, "the bar opens as soon as she gets to City Island." And let it be affirmed here that if there should be in this narrative any reference to gentlemanly potations, all were strictly legal. For aboard the *Nerissa* (why is not the Red Cross Line more advertised?) you are in a British steamship; and in Halifax, though it is a dry town, there is an admirable government warehouse, the Vendors' Stores, where with perfect legality Ships' Medical Supplies may be taken on for the comfort of the crew of seagoing vessels of over 26 tons. Duly signed on as Able Seamen in the consul's office, the Commodore's associates were justified in expecting fortification in case of emergency. Only a madman, it is my conviction, goes to sea without some Jamaica rum in his locker. And equally, only a madman drinks other than medicinally while actually navigating. The sea is not kind to tipplers.

♣ ♣ ♣

The efficacy of this adventure, as education in philosophy, lay partly in its complete contradiction of the student's customary way of life. The Commodore and the Personal Representative (this latter so-called because an associate of the boat's designer) were lifelong yachtsmen. Even the Younger Generation, so to identify the junior member of the outfit, was a man of some experience in the humors of racing sloops. But for the chronicler, though not unfamiliar with salt water, this was all a transposition into quite a different key; so much so that it operated as an Aristotelian catharsis. Even the libations were different. Yachtsmen, I can affirm, drink Martinis and champagne, two fluids that are not often on my menu. The admirable *Nerissa* is an ocean liner in miniature. If the *Olympic* were to calve (or yean) in mid-sea, *Nerissa* or her sister *Sylvia* would be the offspring. It's a girl! So there was an odd feeling in being surrounded by every evidence of ocean voyage, yet with the knowledge that we were never, by steam reckoning, very far from land. Also there was a large deck-load of cabbages on their way to St. Johns, a reassuringly earthy sight. On the other hand, there were the familiar bathtubs and lavatories of Shanks and Co., Barrhead, one's favorite maritime plumbers. So everything agreed to instil that sensation of unreality, of incredulity, which is the healthiest tonic for too docile servants of routine. And in spite of *Nerissa's* well-chilled champagne there was a queer sentiment of inversion in so luxuriously traversing those long rollers of gray sea, those white nowheres of fog, which we were to revisit within a few days under our own canvas and our own wit. The PR, whose cabin I shared, had a great roll of blue-prints which purported to give every possible cross-section of *Iris's* comely person; he had a long inventory of her gear, from anchors down to napkins and silver. Comminuted realist in matters that concern safety at sea, I could not help reflecting that we had no blue-print nor inventory of the next week's weather. In the snug smokeroom of the *Nerissa* is a painting of Cabot Discovering Newfoundland, in a vessel somewhat slenderly rigged. One overtook oneself in a comic feeling of kinship with the hardy mariner, who was obviously glad to see land. For the object of this expedition was to make testimony, not testament.

Nerissa is a little floating island of Britain, as British ships always so sturdily are. From the bread-sauce that accompanied the roast chicken, to the after-dinner parade of the junior officers doing a marching foursome up and down the deck, not without an eye to see how any lady passengers were taking it, she is British to an extent that only an American can savor. I don't quite know why, but I shall long remember a little episode of the smoke-room. Together with those who were going to sail *Iris's* sister, *Tycoon*, we had spent a long evening in palaver. Bill, the orator of *Tycoon's* crew, was in notable form, and had held the floor to the great pleasure of all hands. His soliloquy, enriched by a bottle of champagne which was propped among the cushions of the settee to avert accident, had touched upon stage reminiscence, horse racing, the textile industry, and a lengthy anecdote dealing with a crisis in the life of the New York Credit Men's Association. During all this an elderly Scot, sitting near, had lent an attentive silence. For perhaps two hours he had sat, following Bill's humors with an appreciative but solemn eye. Finally, a pause arriving, he spoke, and there was something charmingly random in his inquiry: "What would you do," he said, leaning forward gravely, "if you were in a community where 250 men had sworn to take your life?"

"I'd get out of it," said Bill.

Iris, when we first saw her, together with *Tycoon* and several other German-built craft, was on the deck of the freighter *Lorain* which had arrived from Bremen only a few hours earlier. Securely frapped in cradles they had made the voyage without mishap, but the hoisting them off by the big floating crane *Lord Kitchener* was an anxious business. That day it rained in a way that surprised even Halifax, a connoisseur of moisture. We stood about for hours in the downpour watching while the complicated job of unlashing and lifting the hulls was cleverly done. There was a curious eagerness in those two graceful shapes as the wire hawsers were gradually unbound. *Tycoon's* blue body, *Iris's* white, like pinioned gulls. They rose slowly, hung suspended from the crane, and were lowered overside. It was strange to see them come alive then. As *Tycoon*, unloaded first, was towed away, there was a sharp crack of thunder, almost like a salute.

By the time *Iris* was unloaded, after we had had a stout freighter's lunch of pea soup and corned beef and cabbage aboard the *Lorain*, the weather had cleared. *Iris* took the water without mishap. Riding a little high, without the weight of her big stick still to come, she dipped and swung gracefully. She knew her element. Now she was more than a blue-print.

If there were any ladies in the Halifax Hotel who wanted to do any writing that evening, they had to do it elsewhere than in the Ladies' Writing Room. For in that chamber the crews of both *Iris* and *Tycoon* dined privately in honor of their ships. That night they were captains bold in Halifax. That was the end of ease. The oilskins had been bought, and work was to begin.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

(*To be continued*)

Barry Pain, the English novelist, died recently. He was the author of a number of British literary works of lesser renown.

At Cambridge, where he held a classical scholarship, Pain was a leading contributor to *Granta*, the university magazine, in which several of his parodies and sketches appeared. For a time he acted as a tutor, but as early as 1889 he had met with literary success, his "Hundred Gates" appearing in the *Cornhill Magazine* of that year. He wrote for *Punch* and the *Spectator* and was on the staff of the *Daily Chronicle* and later with *Black and White*.

Succeeding the late Jerome K. Jerome, he was for a time editor of the weekly *To-Day*. The larger part of his earlier writings were humorous. Later he displayed a mastery of the short story.

The National Library of Wales is exhibiting an unrivaled collection of manuscripts of the Laws of Hywel Dda, one of the greatest of medieval Welshmen, who 1,000 years ago peacefully united Wales and codified the laws and customs of its people.

The oldest existing manuscript of the laws was written on vellum some time about A. D. 1175-1200, in Latin, and is illustrated throughout by crude, but graphic colored drawings depicting the King and his chief officers—the judge, the chief groom, the cook, and others.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books of Special Interest

Saving the Country

HOW RED IS AMERICA? By WILL IRWIN. New York: J. H. Sears & Co. 1927. $1.50.

Reviewed by JOHN BAKELESS

IT is only a few years since stout old colonels in the Regular Army of the United States—their breasts beribboned from innumerable campaigns—were turning pale at the menace to this Republic implicit in the liberal clubs which had sprung up here and there in various universities, and in another diabolical group vaguely described as "the Reds." There were even eminent political leaders who shivered publicly in the magazines. Here, the American public was bidden to believe, was the result of the devilish machinations of Moscow. Behold! The downfall of these unfortunate United States was at hand.

One wonders, sometimes, whether the hard-worked propagandists of the Third Internationale, engaged in the thankless task of persuading the well-paid American working man to communize his automobile and die on revolutionary barricades, did not privately bless the solemn old fogies who took their well-meant but unsuccessful efforts so seriously.

To all of these—to the propagandists who failed and to the dear old gentlemen who took them seriously—Mr. Will Irwin's handy little book, "How Red is America?" will be the final blow. For it demonstrates that the greatest possible total of red and revolutionary radicals in these fairly secure and rich and prosperous United States has never exceeded one-sixth of one per cent. of the population, and that their leaders' chief and most difficult task was to get them to hang together. It is rather discouraging to find that you have been leading the ninety-and-nine against one-sixth of one per cent. in a last desperate defense of a country that doesn't need defending. But then, the professional country-saver usually has a defective sense of proportion.

He has, however, this excuse—that the revolutionary Reds, of whom there were and are a few, publicly admitted that they were bold, bad men, and that they fully intended to do all the dreadful things anticipated.

It has occurred to Mr. Irwin to look into the matter—to see whether the wicked radicals are really such terrible fellows as they say they are, and whether the stalwart defenders of home and country and bank-accounts may not be indulging in a little shadow boxing. He suggests that a few facts never really hurt any sound theory: "Obviously cold recitation of the facts will save us much mental energy; will clear away from the 'path of progress' some of that rubbish which is engendered by loose, prejudiced thinking." And having investigated the foundations of the Republic, he comes up to report no dynamite and a prospect of continued survival for any reasonable length of time.

"How Red is America?" is one of those unsentimental little books that splash cold water upon the enthusiastic souls who are eternally getting up inquiries on the state of the nation and invariably finding it alarming. The United States, according to Mr. Irwin, is doing nicely, thank you! And intermingled with this cheering verdict is some useful information as to the various brands of communists, socialists, anarchists, and syndicalists, together with observations on the history thereof and the distinctions between them. More useful information more succinctly and amusing put in smaller compass I have not encountered in months.

Our Government

AMERICAN GOVERNMENT AND CITIZENSHIP. By CHARLES E. MARTIN and W. E. GEORGE. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927.

Reviewed by W. Y. ELLIOTT
Harvard University

GIVEN the new market afforded by "education-for-citizenship" programs, publishers seem to be able to gratify the desire that most teachers inevitably feel to present us with a text incorporating a "new" view of American political institutions that is usually only a rearrangement of the material which Bryce used so successfully in "The American Commonwealth." Professor C. A. Beard broke some new ground by an economic analysis which was fruitfully exploited in subsequent texts like those of Professor J. T. Young in "The New American Government and Its Work." Professor W. B. Munro in his "Government of the United States" has offered a model of lucid exposition of our constitutional system, with commentaries upon its practical working that were marked by the pithy observations of a shrewd political judgment. It is hardly too much to say that the other texts which have appeared have all worked from these models.

In this respect, at least, the collaboration of Professors George and Martin of the University of Washington is refreshing. They have chosen to view the problem of presenting American Government to students in a somewhat broader and a more theoretical perspective. They have accompanied the genetic account of the development of our legally rigid constitution with an interesting analysis of the ideas involved in federalism, the separation of powers, and the vesting in the courts of the protection of property and personal rights. As a corollary, they have treated the factual description of political organization rather more sketchily than is customary, in order to put the *rationale* of this organization more adequately before the reader. Political theorists are taken seriously as real factors in the shaping of institutions—a point of view not often presented in these anti-intellectualistic times.

For all that, the book hardly escapes the reproach of being excessively legalistic and descriptively historical. It is aimed at assisting the citizen to be a more effective political animal, and yet it seems only very remotely concerned with the competence of public opinion in a democracy, or with those more real agencies of great interest groups through which opinion of sorts is actually pressing upon the political problems. It gives a disillusioned view of parties and platforms and a not very hopeful one of direct democracy; and yet it continues to exhort Sisyphus on to further efforts toward what is confessed to be an impossible task—with only the machinery described. Sectional and economic blocs get relatively no notice, while historical names of minor personalities pad out sketches of each of the administrative departments. From this point of view the book lacks a balanced and selective effect.

The last two hundred pages are devoted to an ambitious and on the whole a useful attempt to describe the principles and policies of American foreign relations. Most texts have been content to leave off the external problems of American Government or to treat them in the most cursory fashion. In a single book, designed to cover the whole ground within the limits of one volume, it is an heroic attempt to put them in. Yet here they are, put in an outline that suffers less distortion than one would think almost a necessity. It is perhaps a little heavy in its historical treatment, but it is competent and as thorough as the limits of space permit. One can get an outline view of the Monroe Doctrine or of the State Department, of extra-territoriality or of the central problems of international law.

If the work is neither exceedingly profound and original in its interpretation nor very lively in its style, it is none the less a text of a new type which presents and interprets an amazing range of political facts and problems.

Songs of Abraham

THE MARSH ARAB, HAJI RIKKAN. By FULANAIN. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1928. $3.

Reviewed by FRANCES AZIZ ALI

ARABS are, roughly speaking, of three kinds: flock-breeding nomads of the desert, tillers of the soil about the towns, and dwellers in the reedy marshes prevalent in Mesopotamia ever since the Mongols destroyed that elaborate system of irrigation which was one of the wonders of the ancient world. This third class has been the subject of a sympathetic study by an English civil officer and his wife. The marsh Arab, with his psychology, customs, and tribal tales, does not differ greatly from other Arabs, except to the expert "Arabist." His ancestors, his religion, his blood-feuds, are the same. But this book is better written than the majority of books about Arabs. The style is distinguished and has a dramatic rhythm well-suited to the subject.

It would gain considerably by a more personal treatment, however. The writer makes desultory journeys through the marshes and into the fringe of the desert in the company of Haji Rikkan, a travelling merchant, from whose own lips he sets down many of the tales and through whose introduction he gains access to his other sources. But the author himself, whether from modesty, or to preserve incognito, glides like a wraith through all of these experiences. He is simply "the transparent eye-ball." This deprives the reader of the best adventure of all. Sitting in his comfortable arm-chair, the latter fancies himself making just such a journey. He wants to feel that he is sitting at that moment in the Bedouin tent, in the author's place, wiping his greasy hands after the feast of steaming rice and whole roast sheep, settling himself to hear the story of the evening, clapped on the back from time to time by a genial Arab neighbor. But he wants to know how he, a white westerner and an infidel, got there; by what wiles, reticences, or brave feats he managed to insinuate himself into the confidence of these surly sons of Abraham. How did the author disarm the natural hostility of the unsophisticated marsh-dweller? The clash and the compromise of two alien environments—this is the drama that would have interested us the most. And it is the secret of all great travel books.

Let a Book Carry You Away

JAN, SON OF FINN
By A. J. Dawson

Thrilling adventure and dog psychology woven together. The kind of story that Terhune and Morley might have written. Contains fascinating, provocative thoughts such as—Do dogs talk to one another? Was Lady Desdemona a "Bad Girl"? $2.50

THE BITTER END
By John Brophy

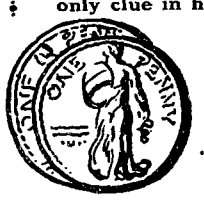
The exquisite and sensitive feelings of a callow youth, delicately dealt with, showing how the ideals of adolescence are shattered first through war, then through an unfortunate love affair. $2.50

SANDS OF FORTUNE
By Sinclair Murray

The Crewe family, commonplace, middle-class suddenly receive an income of $200,000.00. What happens to them? A most unusual outcome of a most unusual novel about most usual people. $2.00

THE SMALLER PENNY
By Charles Barry

Penny, Penny, who's got the penny—Gilmartin wonders. For this is the only clue in his efforts to find the murderer in this clever mystery detective story. $2.00



E. P. DUTTON & CO.
286-302 Fourth Ave.

Childbirth

By

WILLIAM GEORGE LEE, M.D.

"... it supplies just those things that are missing in the books on technic. The first two chapters review in simple language those very things so frequently discussed by expectant parents with their family doctor. The book reads like a personal chat with the author."
—*Medical Observer*

"A surprising amount of the force and energy of the author's personal conviction of the need for good obstetrics has gone into this new and needed book on the universal process of birth."
—*Science News-Letter*

$3.00

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

Old Mother Earth

By KIRTLEY F. MATHER

Professor Mather is one of the many men of science who are devoting part of their time to "the conscious adventure of humanizing knowledge." The fifteen chapters in this book constitute a series of arm-chair talks on the origin and history of the earth and its inhabitants, ranging from "The Origin of Life" to "Earthquakes," from "The Evolution of Mankind" to "The Great Ice Age," from "The Philosophy of Evolution" to "Geology and Genesis." His statements are authoritative, but not obscured by technical language; the sixty-one illustrations are remarkable in themselves. $2.50.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
2 RANDALL HALL,
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

A History of Wood Engraving

By DOUGLAS PERCY BLISS

Introduction by Campbell Dodgson

A critical and historical work on the development of wood engraving from the earliest book illustrations down to modern times. Contains special chapters on Bewick and Durer and 120 illustrations of wood cuts of all periods. $10.00

E. P. DUTTON & Co.
286-302 Fourth Ave.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 36. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best short Ballad (*not* Ballade) of Book Titles with the refrain, suggested by a recent juxtaposition of publishers' advertisements,—

Dead lovers are faithful lovers,
But gentlemen marry brunettes.

(Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of July 2.)

Competition No. 37. A first prize of ten dollars and a second prize of five dollars are offered to the two competitors who can suggest the largest number of acceptable new words designed to fill serious gaps in the everyday language of educated people. The standard of acceptability will be determined by (a) usefulness, (b) euphony, and (c) the validity of any derivations that the inventor sees fit to suggest. Specialized technical and scientific terms will not be acceptable. The word camouflage, adapted into English from the French camoufle during the war, may be cited as an unnecessarily strict example of the kind of word required. Competitors must not offer more than fifteen suggestions. (Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of July 16.) Attention is called to the rules printed below.

THE THIRTY-THIRD COMPETITION

The prize of fifteen dollars offered for the best Ballade of Dead Poets has been awarded to Homer M. Parsons, of San Bernardino, Calif., for the following entry.

THE PRIZE BALLADE OF DEAD POETS

WHERE'S David, who sang and played his lyre,
And ran like the Devil when Saul got peeved
And hurled at the racket his six-foot spear?
And the lyric Solomon, many-wived,
Who liked 'em black? And Byron who dived
Through the Hellespont, in Leander's wake?
Curious how these old ducks raved!
Eddie Guest is the poet I like.

Oscar Fingal O'Flaherty Wilde—
To mention part of his Irish name—
Where is he? Where is the lad who sailed
From Leghorn, Shelley, the prince of rhyme?
Where are the bards of Queen Bess' time,
Kit and Will? Who sees their smoke?
Give me the fellow who harps on Home.
Eddie Guest is the poet I like.

Where's Homer, who sang of epic strife?
And Catullus, the young Verona blade?
And the Mellstock ghost, and the Baltimore waif
And the golden Sappho, Lesbos' pride?
Where is the youthful suicide,
Chatterton? Would you have them back?
They're gone; and maybe it's too damn bad.
Eddie Guest is the poet I like.

Envoy
Doctor, examine my feeble mind;
Where it sags in the middle, pull up the slack.
If you cure me of this it's worth ten grand:
Eddie Guest is the poet I like!

HOMER M. PARSONS.

This is the first time that Mr. Parsons has carried off a whole prize, though there has scarcely been a week during the past six months when his entry did not seriously challenge the winners'. In the book of The Wits' Weekly which, someday, I hope to edit, he would probably have a larger number of contributions to date than any other single author. More's the pity that his Ballade, though by a small margin the best of a large batch, should under-represent the average level of his contributions to this page. He manages the self-imposed analyzed rhyme skilfully, however, and avoids the overwhelming gravity that characterized so many of the other outstanding entries.

The obvious and inevitable model—Villon's "Ballade des Dames du Temps Jadis" was not ignored; on the contrary it was rather too slavishly imitated. Nine out of ten of the chosen refrains posed the old question usually by a mere variation of the image, and I quickly tired of the long succession of "Where are the winds that have moved the tree?" "Where are the winds of years gone by," "Where are the poets that have passed away?" and kindred enquiries. Mrs. M. E. Ballantyne was much the best of the more conventional imitators, though I cannot be sure whether her stammering rhythms were the result of a definite attempt to imitate Chaucerian models or merely due to an insufficient craft.

Has Langland forgotten Saxon dreeing,
My masters? Does merry Chaucer bait
Everyman for a tale? Is Jonson freeing
The bag of the bee? Where then is Lydgate?
Where does Spenser the virtues animate?
And Shakespeare, the singer with no compeer,
Did he inherit a worm's estate?—
But where did the blossoms go last year?

Alice Boorman Williamson confined herself to the women poets with the refrain "What would they think of Amy L.?" Here is Miss Lowell's entry into heaven.

Perfumes exotic around her flow,
Colors are crashing and trumpets bray;
Saffron and scarlet and indigo
Splash up the whiteness with rainbow spray.
Stalwart and virile, and come-what-may,
She strides along, and we know full well
She doesn't care (with a double k)
What they may think of Amy L.

This, and the entry by R. Desha Lucas, were the best of several that entirely disregarded Villion denying the plain hint of the title, "Ballade of Dead Poets." Mr. Lucas's offering was both witty and satirical.

A poet needs a good mortician
To make his fame forever shine;
Or, in a state of inanition,
He need not heed sharp tongues malign;
Tho savage critics should combine
To put him down a poor misled one,
Why should he live to peak and pine?
The only good bard is a dead one.

Envoi.
Complaisant as contended kine,
The living poets! Have you read one?
If all of them were good, how fine!
The only good bard is a dead one.

But I could not help feeling that this excellent piece did not fulfil the spirit of the competition. C.R.S. at least gave us a catalogue and implied a lament. Others who deserve praise are M. F. Melcher, L. H. Richards, Deborah C. Jones, and R. S. Buck, Jr.

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

The Oxford Press

By M. EDMUND SPEARE

(This article has been unavoidably delayed from last week's issue, due to the temporary confusion of moving the Oxford University Press offices to their new quarters, at 114 Fifth Avenue, New York City.)

THE most sublime single utterance in all literature is perhaps that from the first chapter of Genesis: "And God said, Let there be light: and there was light." In this majestic sentence (if I may be forgiven a mundane application of it) lies the whole *modus operandi* of our university presses—their great past and their happy future. What other kind of organization could have undertaken the seventy-year labor of erecting, with practically no subvention, a cathedral to scholarship like the Oxford English Dictionary, except a university press? What commercial enterprise could have held together, in a great coöperative business, some thirteen hundred men and women throughout the world, most of them not receiving a penny for their labor, under the leadership of a Murray, a Furnivall, a Bradley, and a Craigie, and patiently awaited the completion of a work of erudition unto the second generation? No business that subserves a private interest can afford to launch great enterprises of scholarship which, initially, are certain to bring no profitable returns, whether in money or in advertising or in both.

When, at the close of his eight laborious years, Samuel Johnson delivered the last pages of his dictionary to his publisher, and was informed that the latter had thanked God that he had done with him, Johnson made his famous reply: "I thank God that he is able to thank God for anything." In our own day, we hear of another kind of reply, one honoring an organization of printers which, for two centuries, has had no shareholders or debenture-holders, and which serves no private interest. The scene is in Heaven. The colloquy is between Max Beerbohm and Boswell's hero. Says the Inimitable Max: "Doctor Johnson, I have heard that there has just been published, by the Press of the famous Oxford University, the last or twentieth volume of an extraordinary dictionary, treating of some 425,000 English words in 15,500 imperial quarto pages, and illustrated by almost two million quotations." Johnson: "'Tis a noble monument indeed to Oxford. I should call it one of the wonders of their world." Beerbohm: "But it is said, Sir, that the work was finally brought to a conclusion by an editor who is a Scotchman and a Presbyterian." "What!" thundered the Doctor, "have you never learned that a man may be facetious without being both ribald and vulgar?"

To maintain a Learned Press to-day, in the face of the exacting conditions of modern business practice, and to meet squarely those conditions without losing one's integrity, often requires the finest kind of heroism. One must continue ever increasingly the output of scholarly and educational books, many of which are in their nature unremunerative, and must manufacture these in a world of expensive labor and high cost of material. The dullest classroom pedant of our day prefers the book that is attractively printed and neatly bound, however dully written the book may be, to one that is commonplace in appearance. The modern student must be saved from weariness of spirit; hence whatever the text-book allows that can heighten his interest, must be included. So we have countless plates, and half-tones, and vocabularies, and notes, and more notes, and general bibliographies, and "suggestions for writing," and topics, and more topics, and indexes, and thumb-indices. All these things cost money. Books to-day must be printed with the greatest accuracy, often at excessive speed, and learned books require a personnel in the manufacturing plant second only in intelligence to the persons who write them, and often experienced in a special craftsmanship which the authors do not possess. The most modern printing machinery must be used and the finest paper and the best binding and the most subtle skill employed, for, in this instance, the body is expected always to be a fitting embodiment to the spirit which it houses. When Christopher Morley informs the world "that university press books are occasionally (and unavoidably) expensive," his parenthetic phrase holds a deal of wisdom in it, and his full statement tells the whole story.

The whole of Oxford University Press business has been gradually built up by the thrifty utilization of profits made by the sale of its books. It possesses virtually no endowment. The maintenance of its learned press has depended solely upon the profitable management of the publications of the Press as a whole (including Bibles, and prayer-books and the many "popular" series like the World's Classics), and the loyalty and idealism of a large part of its personnel. The future good fortune of such a Press (as of any other press whose primary function is the promotion of education and research) lies with those scholars, and in the hands of that intelligent general reader who, by persistent use of its output, would encourage its tradition of ideal standards and meticulous craftsmanship.

"No other novelist approaches Beyle."
—GEORG BRANDES

Armance

by STENDHAL
(MARIE-HENRI BEYLE)

ONE of the strangest situations in all fiction—a tragic story of impotence and passion. Translated into English for the first time. $2.50

The complete works of STENDHAL
- On Love
- The Charterhouse of Parma (2 vols.)
- The Abbess of Castro
- The Red and the Black (2 vols.)

Uniformly bound. Each volume $2.50.

Wherever GOOD BOOKS *are sold*
BONI & LIVERIGHT NEW YORK
GOOD B&L BOOKS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Edmund Gosse, 1849-1928

By Joseph Collins

Author of "The Doctor Looks at Literature"

EDMUND GOSSE was a Victorian, but one would not suspect it from his writings. He kept pace with western European literature for more than half a century, and to nearly the day of his death his gait was swinging, his stride long, his wind good. He was one of the most useful men of letters of his time. Biographer, poet, critic, essayist, he interpreted foreign and domestic literature to his countrymen wholesomely, lucidly, and entertainingly, and he wrote one book worthy to be called great, "Father and Son." It is the story of the relationship between a harsh and exacting father, a biologist of merit who had no difficulty in reconciling science with religion, and a vignette of his mother, a religious, repressed, resigned Puritan who combined the narrowness of bigots with the sanctity of martyrs. Though it takes the author only to late adolescence the book is a model. It makes clear to us the factors that converged to make him what he was as child and man.

So little of the religious child seems to have remained in the man that one is tempted to attribute to the strictness of his religious education the laxity of his beliefs in later years, his rebellion against the overdominating influence of his father, his flight to London, the escape into himself from a living death among the "Saints" of the parish of which his father was a leader. What remained of the overdose of piety and discipline was a habit of scientific order and accuracy, a burning longing for freedom and for kindness. In the portrait of his childhood, we see the purity of strict Calvinism in all its sombreness. "It darkened the rays of the sun, hardened the smile on the lips, turned to stone the warm impulses of nature, made strange, cruel monsters of human beings" who had started with normal endowment of compassion, tenderness, kindliness, and understanding. His childhood must be beyond the comprehension of the present generation of young people who were spared the double isolation of poverty and piety in their infancy. As a child, Edmund Gosse had only his dreams, and as he knew nothing of life save the dourness of a pious father and the martyrdom of a zealous mother, his dreams were not those of normal children. There was tragedy in his constant striving to give freedom to his nature, to be constantly disheartened by the necessity of living up to his reputation as a "saint" and chosen child of a chosen father.

The science of biology was in its infancy at the beginning of the second half of the last century. The doctrine of evolution was just being formulated. Young Edmund was not admitted to the discussions that it suggested. His rearing was so orthodox that nothing was considered worth while by his parents save fear of God and hope of salvation. His turn of mind doubtless owed much to the severity of his education. The passion stifled by such upbringing may never be recaptured by the individual, even after he finds himself in freedom, in harmony and world-communion with nature. Seventeen years of constant smothering leave indelible traces.

At seventeen he rebelled, went to London, became a Civil Service employee, and later assistant in the Printed Books Department of the British Museum. There he met many coming and some arrived poets. They formed a literary circle whose ambition was to regenerate mankind through immortal verses. None of them achieved immortality, but Patmore and Garnett are still bright lights in romantic poetry. He taught for a short time, then edited a magazine, secured membership in the Marlborough Club, and in 1904 became Librarian to the House of Lords. But none of these activities and indulgences had much effect upon him as critic, essayist, translator, interpreter.

Mr. Gosse was more widely known to the present generation as journalist than as poet or biographer. In later years, he contributed weekly ten-minute chats to the London *Observer*, and published a number of books, enlarged editions of his journalistic contributions, mostly portraits of men and women, some of whom he had known and many of whom he had loved. Were it for no other reason than the lesson he gave to purely academic writers that journalism is not necessarily the enemy of literature, he should be acclaimed as patron saint of journalism.

As poet, Gosse was not significant, save in a limited fashion and for a restricted audience. He may have had a clear vision of his value as a poet, for he wrote in the preface to his "Collected Poems": "I put them forth with a strange timidity." They reveal a man who finds comfort in poetry, not an outlet for passion.

He was not a great historian—at least insofar as dates and sequence go. He had a hazy notion of them and was content with that. He liked the biographical side of history which allowed him to give free rein to the qualities in which he excelled: the art of literary vignettes in which conclusions and interpretations, personal and fanciful as they may be, are always based upon study of facts and sagacious deductions of events. He plays hide-and-seek with his characters, but he is always the one to hide. He wrote many biographies, and he is entitled to be called an accomplished biographer. When his life of Swinburne appeared, it was hailed by some critics as the best of his books. It is far from that, nor has it the merit of his Life of the Immortal Physician of Norwich. There are certain varieties of temperament with which he seemed to have been sympathetic and understanding, but Swinburne's was not one of them. The vices of a man are as much a part of him as his virtues, and the biographer who aims to give a real interpretation of his subject must throw them into relief. Had he revealed the hiatuses in the affective side of Ibsen his book on him in "The Literary Lives" would be satisfactory.

Edmund Gosse and William Archer "discovered" Ibsen, but the former did not uncover him. Ibsen would not have been a hard man to reveal had he not covered his tracks so carefully. Letters are far more revelatory of a man than formal writing. How little we should really know of Charlotte Brontë had not Dr. Heger published the letters which that genius addressed to his father after she left his school in Brussels. Save for the letters Ibsen wrote Fräulein Emilie Bardach, an eighteen-year-old Viennese with whom he fell in love when he was old, most of his epistles were from the head, not from the heart, and many of them were querulous and defamatory. He had his Boswell, but Mr. Paulsen stood in such awe of his master that he set down only the trivial and thin things of Ibsen's life. Were Janvro Larkin to add a chapter entitled "Interpretation" to Gosse's "Henrik Ibsen," it would be a satisfying account of the Apostle of the psychopath.

His best biography is the life of that strange poet and priest, John Donne, whose writings had such profound and at the same time malign effect upon the literature of England. Had not Mr. Hugh l'Anson Fausset turned the searchlight of modern investigation and interpretation upon that histrionic cleric and philosopher, Gosse's account of him and his work might still be considered satisfactory.

As an essayist and critic, Gosse was at his best. One might think that his erudition, talent, profound study of books and authors, and facility with words would have developed some traits of priggishness, a tendency to self-sufficiency in him. But there is none of either in his writing. His seriousness is never overbearing, his enthusiasms never offensive, and his levity and joyousness in his task do not make one suspicious that literature is not a serious, essential element in his life. The business of criticism in its great lines and general scope, and its object is to serve as medium of intimacy between author and reader; the critic according to our hearts' delight develops an intimacy of charming nature between the creator and the reader; he walks with the latter among the paths of literature, pointing to his loves, expounding on texts, unravelling labyrinths. This being the important task of the critic, Gosse was the ideal man for the job as he possessed the art of being silent on his aversions so far as such silence is consistent with sincerity.

After "Father and Son," his most valuable contribution to the literature of England was interpretation. The burden of leading others through the mazes of books, picking here a flower and there removing a thorn did not weigh heavily on him. His art was neither that of the teacher nor of the critic, from the academic standpoint. He did not analyze techniques or argue ideas. He said to his readers: "This is what I have found to delight me, to sharpen my mind, to soothe my soul; come and share my pleasure and diversion." That is how he brought to our cognition such men as Henry James, Rousseau, Pater, and Ibsen. Though the underlying principles of literature and the theory of book-writing were matters of profound concern for him, he gave no indication that they were as important to his well-being and equanimity as they are to George Moore or George Sanayana. It is when he came to personalities of books as well as of men that he was most attuned to nuances and sounds. He had the knack of saying much in a few words, catching a whole attitude in a phrase, a portrait in a smile, a personality in a book, and despite occasional moods of harshness, he remains a model of tolerance. He was humorous yet sincere, modest yet skeptical, and he had good, seasoned taste.

As essayist (which it is difficult to separate from the critic, since many of his essays are criticism and most of his criticism is essay) Gosse delights, instructs, charms, and amuses. Naturally, his essays leave much unsaid, but what they say gives assurance that the author has secured the fine flower of many of these delicate spirits and it leaves "the complete conviction that we cease to be savage and caustic when we are acquainted with the inner existence of a man, for the relentlessness of satire is only possible to those who neither understand nor sympathize."

And he displays similar insight and erudition in his essays of foreign literature. His study of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, the unwitting founder of the French Academy, shows not only an intimacy with the ebb and tide of the French literary movement unusual in a foreigner, but a remarkable gift of literary deductions. Of Rousseau and the dwindling of his fame in England during the nineteenth century, there would be much to say that would weave an interesting chain between the literatures of the two countries. Mr. Gosse has not said much of that, but he has said nothing that is not logical and convincing that he has understood the finer points of his subject. His words on the romantic French poet, Leconte de Lisle, might well be applied to himself.

It must be said, however, that Mr. Gosse's essays seldom embrace much beyond personal characteristics and purely one-sided reactions on the literary achievements of his sitters; seldom does he explain subtle and technical points of psychology and philosophy.

There is no apparent effort in his handling of the English language. His prose flows like the rivulets which he sang in his poems. It has a quality of sterling purity which rings clear as a silver bell. He commands his own words and obtains shimmering, colorful effects from them. He speaks of the "mean and flatulent society which surrounded Poe." In his characterization of Daisy Ashford, he said, "It is almost as shocking that an infant should be vulgar as that a soldier should be cowardly or a nun unchaste." "He moved like a greyhound among those heavy beasts of burden, our politicians," gives an indelible quality to the grace of George Wyndham, while his picture of Tolstoy adds to our impression of his weight: "Intellectually, spiritually, during the close of his life, Tolstoy was a hippopotamus rolling about in a clouded pool."

Gosse's writing was not a matter of constant improvement and gradual perfecting; like Anatole France, he reached a degree of perfection early and kept it over a period of fifty years. His adventures in book-land were good-natured and devoid of a desire to reach anywhere in a given time; he takes his time to loiter along the way with none of Don Quixote's determination to fight wind-mills or a crusader's eagerness to find the holy grail. He was "a literary historian, a portrait painter of shrewd eye and deft practice, seizing and fixing rather than interpreting and questioning the visible features and using, for this purpose, the English language as though he loved it, having wooed and won it to his use through long assiduous years." And because he loved the English language, he sunk himself into it with such complete homogeneity that one associates him with the best there is. In his desire to blend himself with it, his personality appears shadowy and unreal; having none of the prima-donna traits in his make-up, he is apt to appear to his readers more like a voice from a literary Paradise than a man of flesh and blood, of weaknesses and powers. We can only guess from his writing what sort of disposition he had, how he spent his time, and what he considered relaxation and happiness. He spared no gossip of his friends, but of himself he said nothing. He seemed to know everyone, few seemed to know him, and when he tried to explain himself he remained enigmatic. Perhaps, this very suppression of his ego had much to do with the quality of his literary criticism, objective and unconscious of self. What did he mean when he wrote that his pathway through the maze of fifty years of his criticism had been a vibration to the appeal of certain elements? He did not say to what elements, but it may have meant that his ready response to all that is alive and vibrating accounted for the preference he showed for brief sermons and short sketches. Humanity is too diverse to give unsparingly of self to one achievement, and Sir Edmund liked to mingle with all that is human.

His form of criticism did not "seek the roots of the mountains, ask and suggest what is the place of art in life, and what is the meaning of beauty, or grope for a relation between psychology and esthetics." These considerations did not disturb him, his mind seldom questioned. The world he had created for himself was pleasant, passions had little place there, culture smiled and none was more righteous than others. He walked "happy and content, smiling at a flower, admiring a reverberation of the sun upon a pool, undisturbed by the rougher elements or the calamities of a storm," among the paths where many have lost their peace or found themselves.

In his last collection of biographic interpretation and comment entitled "Leaves and Fruit," Sir Edmund said hail and farewell to some of his old loves—to Montaigne, Epictetus, Pope, Johnson, Whitman, and to several new acquaintances, Miss Sitwell, George Gissing, Samuel Butler, Réné Boylesve, and others. The urbanity and insight to which he had habituated two generations are there, and also the mellowness and indulgence. He revealed, in his late maturity, why Whitman no longer appeals; he saw Samuel Butler as he will be seen probably by coming generations; he gave Miss Sitwell fatherly advice, and he remonstrated benevolently with Mr. Lytton Strachey.

Gosse got a great deal from life. He deserved more than he got.

A Renaissance Treasury

LA LITTÉRATURE GÉOGRAPHIQUE FRANÇAISE DE LA RENAISSANCE. RÉPERTOIRE BIBLIOGRAPHIQUE. By Geoffroy Atkinson. Paris: Auguste Picard, 1927.

Reviewed by A. V. Merrill

THIS handsome tome may be considered the crown of the series of studies on travel-literature which Professor Atkinson has published. He is known already for three monographs on the "extraordinary voyage" in French literature. The present bibliography is valuable as giving sources for later writers and as evincing the budding exotic interests of the period. The compiler has collected nearly six hundred titles of books published before 1610, with appendices listing enticing works in the field of "la géographie merveilleuse" and similar categories. A review of the titles in their chronological order is enlightening as to the *Wanderlust* of the sixteenth century: for Europe was looking eastward toward a flaming frontier at which the Moslem was hammering, and westward toward the tenuous fringe of settlements on the American coast. In the Levant, Don John of Austria and the Knights of Malta furnished stuff for inquiring bookmen of journalistic tastes, while Tamerlane, the fabulous Prester John, and Marco Polo's account of Tartary whetted the appetite of the more antiquarian. As Montaigne witnesses, Brazil to the west attracted anthropologists; and the influence of Rabelais's romance on Cartier's and Robertval's reports of explorations in New France has been noted. The massacre by Spaniards of the French colony in Florida (in 1565) is here graphically recorded, as is the bloody recapture by Captain Gorgues three years later. The hostility of France to Spain further explains the three editions of Las Casas's famous work under the French title: "Tyrannies et Cruautez des Espagnols, Perpétrées ès Indes Occidentales." This is the book which so moved the young Amyas Leigh in "Westward Ho!" And àpropos of Amyas, his idol Drake, together with the Arctic Frobisher, appear in French dress; one even finds a work consecrated to their exotic solace, tobacco.

Exhaustive cross-indices and much bibliographical detail, including even call-numbers in many libraries, demand the scholar's gratitude; while the reduced facsimiles of three hundred title-pages add to the picturesqueness of this approach to an absorbing type of literature.

Dr. Carl Niessen in "Das Rheinische Puppenspiel" (Bonn: Fritz Klopp) has made a small but entertaining addition to the literature of the marionette. For many years the author has collected old manuscripts of the puppet-plays, for which Cologne and the Rhineland are famous. He prints for the first time a puppet version of "Faust." His illustrations are likewise new.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

SPENSER IN IRELAND. By *Pauline Henley*. Longmans, Green. $2.40.

SHORT CIRCUITS. By *Stephen Leacock*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

Biography

LADY HESTER STANHOPE. By MARTIN ARMSTRONG. Representative Women Series. Viking Press. 1928. $2.

BIANCA CAPPELLO. By CLIFFORD BAX. The same.

These were no ordinary women whose adventures furnish such entertaining reading nor yet representative women in the accepted sense of the word. For they stand apart from the generality of womenkind not alone in the picturesque, almost melodramatic, incidents of their lives, but in the resolution with which they pursued their ends and the boldness with which they struck out from the safe and conventional way of life. Lady Hester Stanhope, born to the purple, living her crowded hour of glorious life in the salon of her uncle, Lord Chatham, passed the greater part of her days among alien peoples and in exotic scenes, sealing herself at the last in the reconstructed monastery she had made her home as protest against a government that grudged her a pension as well as reputation. Bianca Cappello, married before she was twenty to a rake, lived to see herself first the mistress and then the wife of one of the Medici, within an ace of succeeding in making him accept her suppositious son as successor to the Dukedom of Tuscany, and exalted by the high title of Daughter of that Venetian Republic from which she had fled as a girl.

Both Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Bax have had the wisdom to let facts speak for themselves and to abjure all attempt at romanticizing personalities intrinsically picturesque. Their accounts are concise, well-proportioned, and discriminating, their selection of detail effective, and their volumes pleasant additions to those biographical annals which sketch in lightly the background of a period and center attention upon vivid personal incident.

Fiction

COTTON. By JACK BETHEA. Houghton Mifflin. 1928. $2.

Mr. Bethea's novel is a competent, if uninspired, study of an attempt on the part of a returned native son to teach his community better methods of raising and marketing cotton. Its plot moves along perfectly conventional lines: that is, the hero triumps over machinations of the villain, wins through to the complete respect and confidence of the neighborhood, and in the last paragraph is seen listening to the marriage ceremony in the company of a perfect heroine. What gives the book its value and interest is not its literary quality, but the fidelity with which it deals with the principal problems that confront producers of cotton.

That there is a good deal of essential drama in cotton growing and selling there is no doubt, and Mr. Bethea has contrived some exciting scenes which furnish glimpses of certain phases of life in Southern communities without distortion. In making his hero the son of an unsuccessful tenant-farmer he has pleasingly abandoned that much of the romantic tradition, although in other respects the young man is up to the usual specifications.

It is unfortunate that the blurbist for "Cotton" mentioned it in the same sentence as the works of Frank Norris, for, while Mr. Bethea has proved in several novels about the industrial situation in and around his native city of Birmingham, Alabama, as he proves in "Cotton," that he has talent, and that he is a careful, honest craftsman, there are no traces in his fiction of the genius that marked the work of the great Western realist.

THAT BRIGHT HEAT. By GEORGE O'NEIL. Boni & Liveright. 1928. $2.50.

Mr. George O'Neil, a contemporary American poet of definite good repute, here gives us his first novel. It is in many ways successful, its few faults being of less importance than its good qualities. Mr. O'Neil takes us back to the vicacious 1870's in St. Louis, to the time of a nation's confident expansion and of a city's gay exuberance. We enjoy this background to the action of his novel; it has all the sure detail of authentic historical narrative, and it sets us amidst a brave civilization that we are only too likely to forget. As his two central characters Mr. O'Neil gives us a poetical young man, world-weary and savagely introspective, and a young woman who returns to St. Louis after a European education, genuinely sophisticated and yet ingenuously honest. Love plays between them and almost brings them to an enduring happiness. But a melodramatic catastrophe (and here Mr. O'Neil sins egregiously) separates them beyond the possibility of reunion. We wish that character working upon character rather than an accumulation of irrationally associated events had brought about the final tragedy of the novel. But a first novel seldom comes to complete success, and this particular one will be remembered for its flavor of old St. Louis and for its sharply drawn character long after its flaws in construction have been forgotten. Mr. O'Neil, by virtue of "That Bright Heat," is now to be respected as a novelist.

SWORDS ON THE SEA. By *Agnes Danforth Hewes*. Knopf. $3.

FOUR AND TWENTY BLACKBIRDS. By *Howard Vincent O'Brien*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

LOVE IS MASTER. By ALMEY ST. JOHN ADCOCK. Little, Brown. 1928. $2.50.

The reactions to Almey St. John Adcock's first novel, "Winter Wheat," were the same in both England and America,—surprise at the power and scope in the work of a young woman, a comparison of her novel with those of Thomas Hardy, and an outcry against the ruthless goading of her people to their tragic ends. "Love is Master" shows that Miss Adcock is following her own star in the main but suggests that she may have listened to criticism in minor matters. She has relieved the sombreness of this second novel with humorous passages which seem rather to separate themselves from the central currents of the book and to stand out as concessions. She has also permitted her unhappy lovers to come together, after long and bitter travail. So far and no farther has Miss Adcock modified her position to meet her critics.

Love as Master was the theme of "Winter Wheat" as well as of this second novel. The dark power which draws and binds two perhaps unwilling individuals attracts Miss Adcock as it attracted Emily Brontë. External circumstances and internal determination are alike powerless before it. It cannot be destroyed and misery comes from defying it. Such a theme needs careful watching to keep it safe from melodrama. "Love is Master" is not always saved. But the essential element in Miss Adcock's work is the tragic significance with which she manages to invest her characters. They do and say awkward, artificial, and mechanical things, and yet they stand out in heroic size, creatures of fate rather than of the world. It is in this as much as in the settings and peoples she selects that she resembles Hardy. Miss Adcock's novels are better in retrospect than in the reading. In memory the characters shake off the trickeries of the story and assume the dignity of their destinies.

Juvenile

(*The Children's Bookshop appears on the next page*)

THE YOUNG COLLECTOR. By WHEELER MCMILLAN. Appleton. 1928. $1.75.

With vacation days approaching, the mother who believes that Satan still finds some mischief for idle hands to do will be on the lookout for the means of filling the summer hours when the heat makes quiet pastimes advisable. Here in these two books is guidance in that direction. In the first, under the guise of a story, Miss McClelland presents considerable well-chosen and simple information in matters of house-building and decoration. Her tale is so devised as to rouse in the child who reads it the desire to emulate the activities of the storied youngsters who assist in the making of their parents' new home. It is a discriminating volume that should prove both of interest and assistance. In the second book, Mr. McMillan, in what it must be admitted is a style which will appear maladroit to their elders if easily comprehensible to children, offers advice as to the method of starting collections of stamps, Indian relics, minerals, flowers, etc. His volume has the great virtue of dealing only with what is easily within the range of acquisition of any boy or girl who has intelligence and interest.

MICHAEL OF IRELAND. By ANNE CASSERLY. Harpers. 1928. $1.50.

The author of this pleasing little book has illustrated her own Irish fairy stories. The little boy who belongs to nobody has many adventures, with a Leprachaun, for one, and a number of animals with names of their own, including the Flanagan Pig. We should rather, ourselves, read Seumas MacManus,—but this book is for the very young whose stories must be simple and short.

Here is plenty of episode and a manner of writing with a folk-tale flavor. We can recommend the book to the smaller fry, particularly to little girls of the more adventurous sort. The Irish atmosphere seems native to the author.

THE FLYING HORSE. By *Kasimir* and *Olga Kovalsky*. Milton Bradley. $1.75.

SKEEZIX OUT WEST. By *Frank King*. Reilly & Lee. $1.

FOR VALOR. By *Covington Clarke*. Reilly & Lee.

Miscellaneous

EVERYBODY'S COOK BOOK. Edited by ISABEL ELY LORD. Harcourt, Brace. 1928. $3.75.

The household that possesses "Everybody's Cook Book" should never lack for palatable food, for assembled in it is a sufficient number of recipes to provide a varied and satisfying diet for every day of the year. Miss Lord has compiled her book from the records of the School of Household Science and Arts of Pratt Institute (it is not a new book, but is appearing now under a new imprint), and she has so selected her material as to make it of assistance to the cook with whom economy is of prime importance as well as to her to whom expense is of less moment. The directions are admirably clear, the time required for the preparation of any dish and the number it is intended to serve are indicated in every instance, and a table of equivalents of measure, and plates illustrating equipment and garnishing are included.

WHAT'LL WE DO NOW? By EDWARD LONGSTRETH and BERNARD T. HOLTON. Simon & Schuster. 1928. $1.90.

THE CRYPTOGRAM BOOK. By PROSPER BURANELLI, F. GREGORY HARTSWICK, and MARGARET PETHERBRIDGE. The same. $1.90.

An engaging manual on what to do at a party, written vivaciously and amusingly illustrated, and full of excellent suggestions. The authors have interviewed various more or less known people who have a reputation for hating stupid games and making ingenious evenings. Hence there is no old stuff in this book.

Try "Mixde Grill," "Scandal," "Gilding the Lily," "Hot Patooties," "Verse and Vice Versa," "In Your Hat" on your guests and be convinced. These minor moralists who are successfully reforming the misspent evening ought to be commended, and this is one of their best efforts.

If your guests are endowed with analytic brains try the Cryptogram book. It is designed to cure anaemia arising from a deficiency of cross-word puzzles.

A GUIDE TO THE WILD FLOWERS. By NORMAN TAYLOR. Greenberg. 1928. $3.

This is a companion volume to "A Guide to the Trees," by Professor Curtis of Columbia. Mr. Taylor is the Curator of the Botanic Garden in Brooklyn. He describes more than 1200 species of flowers, furnishing drawings of over five hundred of them. In the back of the book, on yellow paper, is a "Finding List" which is a great convenience. Every flower discussed in the book bears a number. The finding list groups certain of these numbers under their proper months and according to whether the flowers are then to be found in the woods, in moist or wet places, in fields or dry places, or as escapes from gardens. This is the simplest and quickest method of reference in regard to locating any wild flower one runs across in a walk through the country that we have ever seen. The work is a concise, thoroughly workable, and popular guide. All the more conspicuous wild flowers that grow north of Virginia and east of the Mississippi are included.

TRICKS OF THE TOWN. By RALPH STRAUS. McBride. 1928. $5.

A few years ago the Casanova Society did the world the service of reprinting Ned Ward's "London Spy," which gives a vivid picture of the less respectable side of life in the English capital in the days of Dryden, as Dekker's "Gull's Hornbook" portrays the Elizabethan underworld. Now in a volume entitled "The Tricks of the Town," Ralph Straus has republished three anonymous early eighteenth century pamphlets which are not unworthy successors of their more famous prototypes. They will appeal to all who are interested in the study of human nature in all ages, and particularly to those who wish to gain a more complete understanding of Augustan London than is possible from the reading of polite literature alone. This book is anything but polite, but it is an admirable letter-press to the works of Hogarth.

FAMOUS PRIZE FIGHTS. By *Jeffery Farnol*. Little, Brown. $3 net.

THE BEHAVIOR OF YOUNG CHILDREN OF THE SAME FAMILY. By *Blanche C. Weill*. Harvard University Press. $3.

BUILD A WINNING MODEL YACHT. By *Thomas Moore*. Stokes. $3.50.

ADVENTURES IN ALASKA AND ALONG THE TRAIL. By *Wendell Endicott*. Stokes. $5.

(*Continued on page 994*)

STRANGE INTERLUDE
by Eugene O'Neill
LEADING on all non-fiction best-seller lists everywhere. The *Pulitzer Prize* play, and "the great American novel."—*New York World*. Have *you* read it?
Fifth Edition
$2.50 *wherever* GOOD BOOKS *are sold*
BONI & LIVERIGHT
NEW YORK

Napoleon's Legion
By W. FRANCKLYN PARIS
Chevalier of the Legion of Honor
THE ONLY BOOK of its kind in English. A complete history of the Legion of Honor, the most famous of the orders of Napoleon, together with the record of the establishment of the American Society, (of which the author is one of the founders). Illustrated with 54 beautiful full-page reproductions of historic portraits, prints, medals, diplomas, etc. Contains the only complete list of the American members of the Legion of Honor available.
Collectors of Napoleonana will find it a rich treasury of material. To members of the American Society and members of the regiments permitted to fly the flag of the order with their colors, it will be a cherished possession. *8vo. Richly bound in green silk cloth. Gold Stamping with Impress of Napoleon's Imperial Coat of Arms on the Front Cover. 240 pages.*
54 full-page Illustrations. $7.50, *net;* $7.72. *post-paid.*
ALL BOOKSELLERS OR FROM
Funk & Wagnalls Company, *Publishers*
354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

We Publish and Market
BOOKS OF THE UNUSUAL KIND:
Those Having a Purpose
Estimates Furnished.
Catalogue Mailed on Request.
AVONDALE PRESS
1841 BROADWAY, New York City

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stepping Stones in Reading

By E. M. F. and H. D. F.

THE grown-up who looks upon reading as a duty obviously knows nothing of the joy of books. This truth is just as true for children. It is worse than useless to tell children that they "ought" to like this book or that. Remember Dr. Fell.

But the parent who would educate his child in the literal sense of the word by "leading out," wisely but unobtrusively provides opportunity for adventures in reading. He sees that the right books are in the right place at the right time. The boy or girl who has a tendency to read one sort of book to the exclusion of all others, needs more of this sort of help than one who reads everything in sight. Such a boy or girl needs to have his interest gently lured away to new fields and pastures green, but it cannot be done by force and it must be done by degrees. The process must begin at the child's own level and in his spontaneous field of interest.

Here are four lists intended for boys and girls in the early teens, which will lead gradually from books which are very easy to read and to like, to others which a good many young people might not enjoy without preparation, but which should be read before fifteen. For, as the wise Mrs. Becker says, if your boy or girl is not reading the best books by the time he is fifteen, the chances are he never will.

These lists are only suggestions for similar lists which parents will enjoy making to suit their individual children on myriad subjects—science, biography, poetry, and various periods of history.

AMERICAN PIONEERING

THE YOUNG TRAILERS, by JOSEPH A. ALTSHELER.
BUFFALO BILL AND THE OVERLAND TRAIL, by EDWIN L. SABIN.
THE BOY IMMIGRANTS, by NOAH BROOKS.
LONE BULL'S MISTAKE, By JAMES W. SCHULTZ.
ON TO OREGON, by HONORÉ WILLSIE MORROW.
DANIEL BOONE, WILDERNESS SCOUT, by STEWART EDWARD WHITE.
THE COVERED WAGON, by EMERSON HOUGH.
THE OREGON TRAIL, by FRANCIS PARKMAN.
THE VIRGINIAN, by OWEN WISTER.
THE STORY OF MY BOYHOOD AND YOUTH, by JOHN MUIR.

SCHOOL STORIES

THE CRIMSON SWEATER, by RALPH HENRY BARBOUR.
THE VARMINT, by OWEN JOHNSON.
THE SPIRIT OF THE LEADER, by WILLIAM HEYLIGER.
HIGH BENTON, by WILLIAM HEYLIGER.
STALKY & CO., by RUDYARD KIPLING.
BOYS OF ST. TIMOTHY'S, by ARTHUR S. PIER.
DAVID IVES, by ARTHUR S. PIER.
DAVID BLAIZE, by E. F. BENSON.
THE HILL, by H. A. VACHELL.
TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS, by THOMAS HUGHES.

STORIES OF SEA ADVENTURE

THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON, by J. W. WYSS.
THE CRUISE OF THE CACHALOT, by FRANK T. BULLEN.
ADVENTURES OF BILLY TOPSAIL, by NORMAN DUNCAN.
THE DARK FRIGATE, by CHARLES BOARDMAN HAWES.
MASTERMAN READY, by CAPTAIN MARRYAT.
THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR, by W. CLARK RUSSELL.
TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST, by RICHARD HENRY DANA.
TREASURE ISLAND, by ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.
MOBY DICK, by HERMAN MELVILLE.
SHE BLOWS! AND SPARM AT THAT, by WILLIAM J. HOPKINS.
DAUBER, by JOHN MASEFIELD.

STORIES OF THE GREEK MYTHS

A WONDER BOOK, and
TANGLEWOOD TALES, by NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.
THE GOLDEN PORCH, and
ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE, by W. M. S. HUTCHINSON.
THE ADVENTURES OF ODYSSEUS AND THE TALE OF TROY, and
THE GOLDEN FLEECE AND THE HEROES WHO LIVED BEFORE ACHILLES, by PADRAIC COLUM.
THE ODYSSEY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.
THE ILIAD FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, by A. J. CHURCH.
CHILDREN OF THE DAWN, by ELSIE BUCKLEY.
THE ILIAD, done into English prose by ANDREW LANG, WALTER LEAF and ERNEST MYERS.
THE ODYSSEY, done into English prose by S. H. BUTCHER and ANDREW LANG.

THE FIRST TRAIL. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1928.

Reviewed by MILDRED A. FONTAINE

HERE is another book which indicates that better writers are becoming aware of the need of young people for stories whose ideas and situations come within the scope of their experience. It is the first official annual of the Girl Guides, the English equivalent of our Girl Scouts, and, as Lady Baden Powell says in her chatty introduction, is intended for Guides not only in England, but throughout the whole British Empire. When one realizes how far-flung this movement is—imagine Girl Guides in India and in Egypt—and considers the splendid training for living these girls are receiving, it is easy to understand the demand for books of this sort. Such girls are not content with the mental pap which the average "girl's book" supplies. It is encouraging that such authors as Rudyard Kipling, Walter de la Mare, Lord Dunsany, and Ernest Thompson Seton have been induced to respond.

"The First Trail" is introduced by no less a person than H. R. H. Princess Mary. She very pleasantly expresses the twofold purpose of the book, hoping that it will add to the understanding of what Guiding may mean in the development of character and that it may lead its readers to a higher standard of literary appreciation.

To these ends, the stories are mainly those of adventure, wherein girls win out through their resourcefulness and courage. They are well written, the characters are alive, and the plots interesting. The poems do not seem so happily adapted to their readers, the serious ones being somewhat over their heads and the lighter verses too childish. The last quarter of the book is devoted to Ernest Thompson Seton's fine story of a white fox. It is a little novel of life among the animals of the Far North, portraying the love of Katug for his little white mate, the victory over his rival in her affections, their rapturous honeymoon, their joy in their babies, their equally great relief when they dismiss the full grown progeny, the long struggle against starvation and Katug's final brave defeat. It is all so humanly told that one forgets that the personality which is so appealing is only that of an Arctic fox. There is much to be gained from this story. It is by far the best of a group of excellent tales.

For Docile Children

After several years of difficulty and considerable friction in the direction of my children's reading, I have now arrived at a solution of the problem which satisfies everyone. I had had the usual struggle to try to keep my youngsters from selecting the merely innocuous, as well as trash, believing that eyesight is too valuable to waste on anything less than good reading, when a review called my attention to "Children's Reading" by Terman & Lima.

I read the book carefully and went over the list meticulously, then I called a conference with the children. They found so many of their familiar friends and favorites on the lists that they voluntarily agreed to ask at the library only for books on the Terman & Lima list and I promised not to interfere with their selections. This plan has made for peace and the umpire is always there and I find that in any event the printed word carries more weight than a parental recommendation.

Personally, I think the list excellent, and the index so well and simply arranged that any child can use it easily.

KATHARINE M. FRICK.

Points of View

Shortcomings

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

Mr. Arthur Davison Ficke is one of my favorite reviewers for books on Oriental art and letters. At least he was, until I read in your issue of March 3 his review of "Lotus and Chrysanthemum."

Now I am not so sure. I wish that I could know whether Mr. Ficke considers that this book lives up to its pretensions. Presumably he does. If he did not, would he have devoted a column and a half to his review of it without saying so? Would he have devoted a column and a half to it at all?

Let us see what its pretensions are. They are by no means modest. The first edition consists of 1,000 numbered copies, "specially printed and bound," at $7.50 a copy. The book "aims, first, to present a fairly representative compendium of the whole body of Chinese and Japanese poetry; and second, to give pleasure to the reader." In what measure are these aims fulfilled?

It will be admitted, I think, that translations worthy of inclusion in such a work as this, must faithfully reflect the spirit and the meaning of the originals, and at the same time possess some merit in themselves as English verse. Are there enough translations in existence, fulfilling these conditions, to "present a fairly representative compendium of the whole body of Chinese and Japanese poetry"?

For Japanese poetry, it may be said without qualification that there are not. Among the translations included in this book, the desired standard is perhaps most nearly approached in Mr. Waley's renderings of folksongs from the Ryojin Hissho (for which we may well be grateful, even though they are not in a strict sense Japanese poetry at all). What claim the others have to be "specially printed and bound," at $7.50 a copy, is asked more readily than answered. They certainly cannot claim to constitute anything like a fairly representative compendium of the whole body of Japanese poetry.

Chinese poetry is much better represented, both in quantity and in quality, by existing translations. But it is so represented by the late Miss Lowell's "Fir Flower Tablets," and by Mr. Waley's three books, and since these are all well-known and still in print, no new anthology is necessary to make them accessible to us. In point of fact, "Lotus and Chrysanthemum" contains but eleven of Mr. Waley's translations (from the Chinese), and but five of Miss Lowell's. Mr. Bynner's versions are of interest as a foretaste of his long-promised book, but most of the other translations included would surely have been better left to the obscurity from which they have here been temporarily rescued.

Does not Mr. Ficke agree with me?

Even though he should not, I could have wished him to make some mention in his review of the careless way in which the book has been thrown together. It is "in the interest of the general reader," according to the preface, that "the various renderings from the same poet are interspersed throughout the book, and follow no specific chronology. This certainly infuses a greater sense of variety."

It certainly does. And so does it to have some of Li Po's verses indexed under the name of Judith Gautier, and the others divided among three different spellings of his own name, on three separate pages. Several other poets are made to share their verses with Judith Gautier, and Yuan Mei's appear under two different spellings of his name, likewise on two separate pages of the index. Poems from the Shi-King are credited partly to this collection in its own name, partly to Pai Ta-Shun (whoever he is), and partly to "Unknown."

One poem from the Shi-King is included on pages 48, 95, and 115, in three different versions under three different titles, each appearing in a separate place in the index. At least three other poems are given in two separate renderings each, on different pages and under different titles, and separately indexed.

This is not all, but enough is enough, without any mention of misprints. What I should like to know is, why did not Mr. Ficke tell us something of all this? We ask him for a stone, and he gives us bread.

DAN F. WAUGH.

Tokio.

"Sulamith"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

In the issue of June 9th of *The Saturday Review of Literature* appeared a short note entitled "A Poor Thing," signed by one "R." Without troubling himself to review the book itself, "R." launches into an attack of the make-up of "Sulamith," dismissing the whole matter with a curt "Bah!" He says: "The type is *not* Caslon, the paper is ordinary book paper, 'especially designed' illustrations is just salesman's ballyhoo," etc.

I might defer to the superior book-learning of the writer who initialed the article, but I will yield nothing in the matter of types, paper, etc. It is almost an unforgivable offense for one who presumably knows details of book making, to distort facts in a manner unworthy of the general tenor of *The Saturday Review's* columns.

The type *is* Caslon, the paper is *not* ordinary book paper, as he says. The cost of the paper is three times that of ordinary book paper, and it was made to my special order. It is *antique laid* as distinguished from antique wove, egg shell, plate finish, and so on. The illustrations *were especially designed*, and paid for handsomely, and the cost of reproducing them was very high. And setting type in 18-point is quite expensive.

I trust that this reply will receive due consideration—in the interest of truth, and in simple justice to those who have already purchased "Sulamith."

NICHOLAS L. BROWN.

New York.

Bulgaria

AN APPEAL TO WRITERS

By JOHN GALSWORTHY

A LITTLE and brave country has met with terrible misfortune. Having been associated since its foundation with the P. E. N. Club, which stands for international friendliness, I wish to ask my fellow writers in all the many countries where the P. E. N. Club runs, to fan the flame of sympathy for Bulgaria.

Earthquakes have wrecked hundreds of towns and villages in the richest part of that country. More than thirty-six thousand houses have been wholly or partially destroyed; and two hundred and sixty-five thousand people, most of them women, children, and old men, are without shelter. The material loss is estimated at from two to four million pounds, or more than one-third of the State Budget. This crushing disaster has befallen a nation which already had its back to the wall; a nation staggering and overburdened, whose lot has been heavy with war, trouble, and debt since 1912.

The Bulgarian people are respected by all for sterling qualities and indomitable courage; they are grimly facing the new calamity, desperate with the knowledge that out of their own resources they cannot hope to make good.

Sympathy all must feel, but sympathy will not build houses, feed starving people, check the threatened epidemics.

Of all men, writers can best voice the universal sympathy for a brave and unfortunate nation, and stir that helpful sense of fellowship which lies in the hearts of modern men.

I would, then, ask my fellow writers, who in so many countries follow the P. E. N. creed, to come with their eloquence to the rescue of the Bulgarian people in its dark hour.

Gabriele d'Annunzio has recently completed the book on which he has been at work for some time, and in order to secure uninterrupted leisure for which he has been living guarded by soldiers against intruders. "Il Compagno dagli Occhi Senza Cigli" is the story of a scapegoat friend of the author, a man who had no eyebrows. D'Annuzio describes it as "more Tuscan than red Chianti wine." It contains many youthful and middle-age reminiscences. It is to be published by Treves of Milan.

Arturo Farinelli in his "Il Romanticismo nel Mondo Latino" (Turin: Fratelli Bocca) has made a distinguished contribution to scholarship. His work is the result of prodigious research, and presents a panoramic survey of the Romantic literature of the Latin world which is remarkable in scope and inclusiveness. Almost the entire third volume is given up to a bibliography.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHOP TALK

We put aside the mail this morning in order to read *The Book Scorpion. "Scorp,"* as we who know him (or is it her?) well, familiarly call him, is not only a "galley proof published most irregularly," but an editor, sponsored by the *Hampshire Bookshop* of Northampton, Mass. Whenever we receive it, edited by him or her, we drop lots of things and read. Oh, well, we are not caught up with the regular routine work because there's always some bookseller's brochure, catalogue, magazine or Whatnot—there is, really and truly a *Whatnot*, published by the Hathaway House bookshop at Wellesley and we'll speak of that some other day. But who blames us for it? The booksellers are always interesting and sometimes the routine isn't.

* * * *

Anyway, the Book Scorpion always has a new idea and tells of it in most interesting fashion. So we'll turn you over to the Scorp and let him (it is a him) tell you about it, Quotes.

"There is a sign in our town in front of an enterprising garage which says briefly but clearly: Flats Fixed. Being a Book Scorpion on the way to the printer, and the morning seeming very young as it naturally would to anybody who had read well into the night through a pile of ten and a half fat books, Flats Fixed began turning around in a vacuum. The simplicity of this information and economic quality which could be considered from the point of view of wood, print, words and human labor, beat down the walls of morning dullness and the Scorp became quite excited at the possibilities.

You see, he felt like a flat tire, knew well the sensations attending the deflation of enthusiasm, resented the necessity of pulling himself together (quite a job when you think of all the appendages!) and pumping in fresh energy. Every Book Scorpion and, of course, every human being has his own individual method of Fixing Flats, but it occurred to him as he caught the whiff of New England roadside lilacs, that one of the best stimulants and most refreshing draughts for the flat mind is a Book, well chosen, taken slowly and with an air—the more the better. This sign, Flats Fixed, should be over the brow of every Bookshop—there is too much talk about Books—a customer should be able to say with brief desolation: "I have a flat—air, please." And the Bookseller would brightly size up this bookapeutic problem and hand him a package for his specific case of Flats, marked as follows:

To be read prone.
repeat at intervals specified
if relief is not immediate.
Night 'phone: Vandine 23
Day 'phone: Farjeon 98
The Hampshire Bookshop.

* * * *

SO SAYETH SCORP!

Perhaps, in addition, there are similar possibilities allowing one to prescribe business books for those who are out of step with progress, such as:

BEARINGS OILED

Oh, yes, many are the things of which we think to sell more books—but there aren't enough people buying 'em. Tell you what, for every reader of the *Saturday Review* who introduces a new bookshopper to an A. B. A. bookseller, we'll ask the *Scorp* to send a copy of the new fall catalogue (which will be a first edition of Christopher Morley's—he's writing the preface) at our expense. Better hurry and get a certified statement from the A. B. A. bookseller. The edition is limited and so's our pull with the Scorp.

Ellis Walker

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY
American Booksellers Association

The Reader's Guide

CONDUCTED BY MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. Mrs. Becker's summer headquarters will be at 2 Bramerton St., Chelsea, London.

H. H. H., New York City, asks if there are any books in which the American business man is presented without satire or apology, as an important part of American life and thought to-day.

STUNG by the smiles of "Marco Million," struggling out from under the language of Lowell Schmaltz, many an American slave of the income-tax must have longed to write a book with a title something like that of Earnest Elmo Calkins's new one, "Business the Civilizer" (Little, Brown). But like the cherubs whom the absent-minded St. Cecilia is said to have told to be seated, they "have not the means." Not many professionals have the pungent, pelting style of Mr. Calkins's prose, and not many business men have put it to better service for so long a time. In this book he rescues advertising from philosophers and economists like Stuart Chase who have been putting dangerous thought of sales-resistance into the public head—at least he brings needed comfort and reinforcement as well as spirited entertainment. If anyone reading Stella Benson's "Goodbye Stranger" has been overpowered by the advertising quoted in that disconcerting novel, this book may bring him to. "The Making of a Merchant," by Jesse Rainsford Sprague (Morrow), is a curious new quasi-novel, the story of the growth of a small-town dry-goods business into a large department store and the accompanying changes and developments in the community. I am glad I had liked this book even before I reached the chapter in which he says that he has found women more satisfactory buyers than men because they are not so temperamental and less easily swayed by ingratiating salesmen! The preface is by John Allen Murphy, a business consultant.

W. C. B., Cleator, Arizona, tells L. C. R., collector of cryptogram literature, that Jules Verne uses ciphers in several of his romances, notably "A Journey Through the Center of the Earth" and "Forty Thousand Leagues Down the Amazon." The Guide has just received from John Howell, San Francisco, his special book catalogue of Elizabethan Literature, one of whose illustrations is a photograph of the famous title-page of Selenus's "Cryptography" with the exciting picture of Shakespeare crowning Bacon and the other intriguing devices. This catalogue has practically all the books on the crytography of Francis Bacon, including various editions of "Barclay Wis Argenis." I am delighted to find in the preface to J. T. Winterich's "Collector's Choice" (Greenberg) a heartfelt tribute to book catalogues as source books. There is no end to their joys: I know a man who took a suitcase full as his only reading on an ocean voyage.

M. C., Berea, O., asks for documentation on the life and works of Conrad, for a teacher.

IN J. W. Cunliffe's "English Literature during the Last Half-Century" (Macmillan), in the chapter given to Joseph Conrad, there is a list of the earlier books; since that appeared we have had Mrs. Conrad's "Joseph Conrad as I Knew Him" (Doubleday, Doran), the essay on Conrad in H. L. Mencken's "Book of Prefaces" (Knopf), his own posthumous Napoleonic novel "Suspense" (Doubleday, Doran), and now the highly important "Letters from Joseph Conrad, 1895-1924," edited by Edward Garnett and published by Bobbs-Merrill.

N. G. S., Geneseo, N. Y., asks what contributions to present-day literature have been made by Iowa authors.

THE name of Ruth Suckow would come first to almost anyone who reads American fiction: her "Country People," "The Odyssey of a Nice Girl," and "Iowa Interiors" with the new "The Bonney Family" (Knopf), have introduced Iowa to most New Yorkers, at any rate. Lewis Worthington Smith, author of an excellent introduction to English classics called "The Skyline in English Literature" (Appleton), and other educational works, has published several volumes of poems and a play, "In the Furrow." Harold Kramer has published novels and short stories, his latest volume being "With Seeing Eyes"; Margaret Coulson Walker writes on bird conservation and flowers; John T. Frederick, besides two novels, has produced a "Handbook of Short Story Writing." Cornelia Meigs, whose "Master Simon's Garden," "The New Moon," and other stories for children (Macmillan), have become standard favorites with libraries—and with children—brought out this year "As the Crow Flies" (Macmillan) and won the prize for juveniles offered by Little, Brown, with "The Trade Wind," an admirable historical novel.

R. B. P., Tryon, N. C., adds another "phantom" book, Mr. Casaubon's mythologies of all nations in George Eliot's "Middlemarch," and refers to Frank Stockton's man who drew out of the country library "Dornstock's Logarithms of the Diapason." How glad I am someone recalls that charming tale! Also he says that there really was a book published some years ago called "The Widow's Cruise," and someone did adopt Hood's idea and wrote "Cursory Remarks on Swearing."

H. K. M., New York, asks for books on oriental rugs.

THE newest of these is "How to Identify Oriental Rugs," by Elffrida Wolfe and A. T. Wolfe (Harper). (The compositor is requested to respect the lower-case ff's of this author, who may be like the baronett in Wodehouse's "Meet Mr. Mulliner" (Doran), who corrected someone pronouncing his name as ffinch-ffarrowmere, ("his sensitive ear detecting the capital letters.") This book is for those who own or hope to own oriental rugs; the latter will find descriptions of the outstanding features marking each group, with many excellent plates; the latter directions for their care that may in some instances surprise the housewife. "The Practical Book of Oriental Rugs," by G. G. Lewis (Lippincott), and W. A. Hawley's "Oriental Rugs, Antique and Modern" (Dodd, Mead) are fine volumes beautifully illustrated and costing ten dollars apiece; another richly provided with pictures is the six-dollar "Oriental Rugs," by J. K. Mumford (Scribner).

W. W., New York City, asks for directions for table decorations, especially floral ones.

EDNA TIPTON'S "Table Decorations for All Occasions" (Stokes) is the only book on this subject that I have seen; it is well illustrated—thirty-six large pictures—showing details of decoration for all sorts of social and home entertainments, some floral, some with other devices.

L. P. A., Medford, Oregon, asks for stimulating books on astronomy for a boy of eleven who is "crazy about the stars."

THERE is a new edition of the most attractive book for children about the stars that I have seen, "The Star People," by Gaylord Johnson, and its companion, "The Sky Movies" (Macmillan). The two belong together and are thus offered to young readers, in a dark sky colored box. Twins twelve years old and their seven-year sister are shown the stars by original devices, through the inventive genius of an uncle left in charge of the family. The second book is about the movements of the planets and other matters involving the use of the telescope: in this book is an actual movie, made by photographs of successive phases of the moon on successive pages, which when turned over rapidly make the bright monarch of the heavens wax and wane upon demand. The point to be noted is that these little books make it quite impossible to leave off reading them—at least until they have been put to use under the night sky.

B. W., New York, asks for a book for one who "wants to get some clear idea of the 'Einstein Theory,' how it differs from Newton, etc. I do not want scientific terms too obscure for a home thinker. I am an inveterate reader."

"THE A. B. C. of Relativity," by Bertrand Russell (Harper), goes just as far on the road to simplification as it is safe to take this subject. It is lucid and reliable, but by no means so easy for "home thinkers" as the title might delude them into thinking. I am glad that the Einstein Theory cannot be put into words of one syllable: if it is not understood at all by the laity it has a chance of not being completely misunderstood, like the Darwinian.

BETTER NEVER THAN *LATE*—

BECAUSE if you don't give us three weeks' notice about changing your address you may miss THE SATURDAY REVIEW while you are away from home and then when you return you may find that the magazine is finally going to the vacation address. Mailing systems being what they are, we cannot cut new stencils and cancel envelopes already addressed and actually get things rearranged on shorter notice than three weeks ahead of the date you wish the change to become effective. And you certainly will not want to miss the two stories by T. F. Powys or William Beebe's "Coral Jungles of Sea-Cow Reef," which will be in coming issues of

THE SATURDAY REVIEW
OF LITERATURE
25 WEST 45th ST., NEW YORK CITY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

(*Continued from page 991*)

Poetry

MIDSUMMER EVE. By "A. E." New York: Crosby Gaige, 229 West 42nd Street. 1928. $7.50.

This little book is a beautiful example of the printing of William Edwin Rudge. Two hundred and fifty signed copies are for sale in America. The work is dedicated to Oliver St. John Gogarty. It is unnecessary to say that the poetry included is distinguished. Ten poems there are merely, but their quality has all the old grace and beauty of "A.E."'s work. This is a rare volume for collectors to possess.

COLOR OF WATER. By MARJORIE MEEKER. Brentano's. $1.50.

On the jacket of Marjorie Meeker's book are tributes from Padraic Colum and Edwin Markham. We agree with Mr. Colum that her work is often accomplished, but we also feel decided influences in it,—of, for an instance, Elinor Wylie. She does not command that lightning precision of epithet and the fluidity of her rhythms is not like that ringing music, but where, as she says beautifully, "frail frost-shapes conspire incurious and exquisite" there are distinct traces of the manner. On the other hand, we freely grant Miss Meeker her own virtues. She has many. If "Sentimental History" seems, for all its merit, somewhat derivative, her "cynical insect millions chanting their burden of beginning death," is finely onomatopoetic, her "Dancing Star," and "Witch's Song," and "Twilight of Man," and her sonnet, "Now Here is Love" display her own rare faculty. The third of her "Memorial Sonnets," and the final "Where my Step Falters" both deserve high praise. In general, the title "Color of Water" is indicative of the impression left by the book, in that the musical loveliness of the poetry often slips fluidly from the mind. But Miss Meeker remains one of our younger women singers who will, we believe, increase in power and originality. She already shows considerable gifts.

FUGITIVES. An Anthology of Verse. Harcourt, Brace. 1928. $2.50.

This is a selection from the work of the members of a group of poets in the South who for four years contributed to the making of a magazine solely devoted to poetry. This was *The Fugitive*, of Nashville, Tennessee, founded by Donald Davidson, James Marshall Frank, Sidney Mitron-Hirsch, Stanley Johnson, John Crowe Ransom, Alec B. Stevenson, and Allen Tate. The poems for the first issue were chosen by ballot. The authors hid themselves under pen names. This scheme was soon changed but the cooperative principle was always preserved. Other members were added to the original group, of which the ones who have gone farthest since are Robert Penn Warren and Laura Riding. Of the earlier members, the ones who have developed farthest are Donald Davidson and Allen Tate, the latter chiefly as a critic and biographer. John Crowe Ransom had already achieved some prominence as a poet before he returned from Oxford to Tennessee. He remains, of course, the most vital figure produced by the group, though Donald Davidson has since produced in "The Tall Men" a poem of the South of epic quality and Laura Riding has turned critic in England, in collaboration with Robert Graves, in a diverting fashion. The last-named is also an interesting if exasperatingly obscure poet.

This book should be of interest to all followers of contemporary poetry. The Fugitives were a strong group. They specialized in the peculiar. They evoked originality and developed an unusual amount of talent in a short space of time. They have been distinctly significant in the development of American poetry since the war, illustrating one definite trend. They are scattered now, but subscribers to their journal should preserve its files. Several of the names that appeared therein regularly are likely to be of some permanence in American literature.

SONNETS TO CRAIG. By GEORGE STERLING. A. & C. Boni. 1928. $2.

Truly great love sonnets are the rarest things in the English language. Strangely enough, here Elizabeth Barrett Browning supremely achieved, though the bulk of the rest of her work is quite negligible. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, whose general achievement was more on an even level, though never to our mind approaching Mrs. Browning's mastery of the emotional sonnet, is immediately thought of also in this connection. But how many more? The answer is, practically none. Sonnets here and there, of intense passion, of rapt contemplation,—but no great sequence (always excepting Shakespeare) addressed to one particular mortal.

George Sterling was a notable poet, and perhaps the most notable sonneteer ever produced in America. Several of his miscellaneous sonnets touch greatness, in phrase and epithet, philosophical content and mighty music. But this series of his love sonnets is, it is our earnest opinion, an inferior contribution. And we think we know why.

The sincerity and ardor of his feeling shines patent in all of the poems. But the more a human being is ecstatically in love the more difficult becomes its expression in the greatest language. The intoxication of the feelings may touch the divine, but for that very reason the impersonality that must be brought to finished workmanship is well-nigh impossible. The critic in the poet is temporarily blinded; and the emotion that ever after hallows the work to him, prevents future criticism and revision on his part. These "Sonnets to Craig" are a tribute of which any woman might well be proud her life long. But they do not constitute great poetry.

This is not to say that some of them are not moving and that all of them are not written in a noble and sensitive spirit. Indeed, one seems to offend their privacy by reading them. It is distinctly doubtful whether they should have been published. Despite what Upton Sinclair says in his foreword, they are essentially the property of one person alone.

THE SAGA OF CAP'N JOHN SMITH. By *Christopher Ward*. Harpers. $2.

OLD SCOTCH SONGS AND POEMS. Translated by *Sir James Wilson*. Oxford University Press. $7.

WINDS FROM THE MOON. By *Sonia Ruthele Novak*. Century. $2.

Religion

THE EVOLUTION OF ETHICS. Edited by E. HERSHEY SNEATH. Yale University Press. 1927. $4.

"The Evolution of Ethics" is a misleading title for this series of competent essays on the great religions by eleven American authorities and one Englishman. Might we not expect to find ethical ideas germinating in the first essay and culminating, in so far as that is possible, in the last? That this, however, was not the intention of the editor is at once evident, since the first religion to be considered is the Egyptian, in which moral standards play an important part, and the last, the Mohammedan, which is not preëminently an ethical religion: in fact, "there is no moral code expressed in the Koran," says the writer of that article, Professor J. C. Archer.

Are we then to detect an evolution within each of these pistic systems, adopting a sort of "ontogenetic" as opposed to a "phylogenetic" treatment? Professor Mercer certainly distinguishes between the ethics of the Old and Middle Kingdom of the Egyptians; and if we take the Early and Later Hebrew Prophets, the Gospels, and the Pauline Epistles as single groups we may find growth and change in the actual ethical conceptions; but this seems a rather secondary consideration. The chief interest of the book is much wider, for it contains well-written accounts of the ethical aspects of the various systems. The general reader is given a background for the art and literature of the periods covered, and much material which might otherwise be difficult to assemble.

The religions studied are: the Egyptian, Confucianism, the Babylonian and Assyrian, the Hindu, Zoroastrianism, the Hebrew, Christianity, the Greek, and the Mohammedan. Professor Sneath, the editor, contributes a final essay on the "Moral Values of Religion." The reader who has lost interest in religion as such, and is suspicious of ethical generalizations, may exercise his sociological acumen on the material here presented in other ways. In particular, the legal concomitants and aftermath of such systems as these offer a fruitful field for comparative study, for the boast of the Egyptian monarch that he never oppressed a propertied man, *via* the Chinese proclamation, "Attach importance to academies, in order to improve the habits of scholars," to the first century of Abbasid supremacy twelve hundred years ago, when Moslem Jurisprudence developed so far as to include religious, ceremonial, civil, and moral law.

The Compleat Collector.

RARE BOOKS · FIRST EDITIONS · FINE TYPOGRAPHY

By Carl Purington Rollins & George Parker Winship.

"*Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold.*"

Candide in New Dress

CANDIDE. By VOLTAIRE. Illustrated by ROCKWELL KENT. New York: Random House. 1928.

THERE have been numerous reprints of Voltaire's tales in the past few years, but none of them has been so well done as this. The story is a familiar and oft-printed one, the first edition appearing in 1759, and at least seven editions, all "without place," bear the date of that year. Voltaire denied that he was in any way responsible for its authorship, but, according to the bibliographical note by Charles Edmund Merrill, Jr., prefacing the present edition, took a lively interest in its success. Edition after edition has followed the first success—a success not impeded by attempts on the part of the Church to suppress it.

This new edition of the story is adequate in every way. It is seldom that there comes to the reviewer a book so carefully thought out, so adequately illustrated, and so skilfully printed. Fine printing does not just happen. It is the result of care in every detail, but more especially of a well-thought-out plan. And it is evident that the Pynson Printers have done their work well. The delicate type face, designed by Lucian Bernhard, is not in itself a first-rate type, but as used herein it shows to very good advantage. The pages are well proportioned, and the leading and titles well considered.

The real charm of the book, however, is in the admirable combination of type and pictures. Mr. Kent's drawings are in almost perfect accord with the light, but even color of the page, and in themselves are most beautiful examples of his amazing fertility of imagination and skill of craftsmanship. It seems to me that I have seen no book of recent years so delectably decorated, and so fittingly.

The binding is of cloth, decorated with a design by Mr. Kent, executed in low relief in gold—a really fine binding. The end papers are printed in two colors from a drop-repeat pattern. The paper is French all-rag Arches. Of the edition 1565 copies have been printed, of which ninety-five have been colored after printing. This book must take its place as a thoroughly satisfactory library edition of "Candide," and it is seldom that equally suitable reprints of classic writing can be welcomed to the collector's shelf of really fine editions.

R.

LE Livre d'Or du Bibliophile" (volume II) is a bound collection of book-publishers' announcements, listing various publications of typographic merit and displaying specimen illustrations and pages of text. As might be expected, the illustrative material is of all sorts and kinds with the wood engraving and its analogue, the properly made line drawing, preëminent as the suitable illustration method. In view of the typographic enormities which the French frequently perpetrate, a quotation from the introduction by M. Clément-Janin is not without interest, as showing the way the wind is blowing in France. "All agree, in theory, on this point—the importance of typography, but in practice they do not go so far. Too many amateurs are interested only in illustration, and for them as the picture is worth while, so is the book. As for the text, so long as it is set in novel type, no matter what, and fittingly printed, if the illustration pleases them they declare the book excellent. This, to put it plainly, is to get the cart before the horse. Typography is the essential basis of the fine book; however charming may be the illustration, if the typography is a failure, the book itself is a failure." That this introduction itself is printed in what seems to me a wretched type face (the Dorique) only emphasizes the justness of the observation! But the specimens of book pages are worth study, and their variety and freshness of attack on the hampering problem of the book page is instructive.

R.

ANNOUNCED FOR PUBLICATION

Note: Announcements will be made under this head of any book which seems to be of interest to collectors, if publishers will forward advance information. Books cannot be reviewed unless copies are sent to the editors for that purpose.

Dr. William Harvey's "De Mortu Cordis" (first reprinting in 250 years), by the Nonesuch Press, edited by Geoffrey Keynes, and bound in red morocco. 25 shillings.

"Letters from Joseph Conrad to Edward Garnett," by Nonesuch Press. 25 shillings.

"Printing of Today," by Oliver Simon and Julius Rodenberg, from Peter Davies. 21 shillings. 500 copies on hand-made paper, 5 guineas.

"The Fleuron," Vol. VI, 1928, from Cambridge University Press. 21 shillings. Edition de luxe, with additional contents, 150 copies, £4 4s.

ON UNIVERSITY PRESS PRINTING

IN his contribution to the University Presses number of this journal, Mr. David T. Pottinger of the Harvard University Press has alluded to the "effect that university presses have had in raising the standard of book printing" in this country. A word or two more might be said on this phase of our work.

No consideration of work which issues from these presses would be at all complete without a reference to the most important of them all, Oxford University Press. Ever since Bishop Fell gave to the Oxford Press its unmatched Dutch type, the printers at Oxford have been distinguished for the books which they have printed. Even the catalogue of that press, which Mr. Christopher Morley, I believe, has called the best book to read in bed, is a distinguished piece of printing—the English edition, I mean, not the American one. The Oxford types, both roman letter and the extensive range of learned types, are varied and excellent, and the present management of the Press (athough it has committed the barbarism of converting Horace Hart's old wine cellar into a storage vault for electrotype plates!) has kept abreast of modern typographic progress.

The Cambridge University Press to a large extent rejuvenated its typography under the guidance of the late J. B. Peace and Mr. Bruce Rogers, and has done some very pleasant volumes of late years in the revived Baskerville type—as well as continuing its intricate and meticuous setting of scientific works.

* * *

The first definite attempt in this country to do fine printing at a university press was, if I am not mistaken, at Sewanee, where, under the enthusiastic guidance of Mr. Arthur C. Watkins, books and pamphlets were issued which bore the unmistakable stamp of genuine talent. Facilities were limited at Sewanee, luckily for Mr. Watkins, but even to-day the printing which he did there stands comparison with our work, and should be accepted as the earliest modern effort in America to make university printing measure up to its environment.

The work of our university presses has been distinguished by a variety of results highly commendable. The University of Chicago, for instance, has sponsored a style book which is accapted as standard in many book printing establishments, and the latest editions are set up and printed in most delightful manner.

Princeton University Press under Mr. Frederic Warde adopted a style of printing which, while somewhat mincing in effect, is nevertheless logical and attractive. The press is somewhat hampered by the necessity of using linotype composition, but the results show what can be obtained from that machine when a competent designer forces it to do the best it can.

Harvard University Press has, again, a style of its own, clear and simple as to typography in general, and, when Mr. Rogers is called upon, sometimes rising to very fine printing indeed, as in the case of such books as the Franklin "Proposals." It has also

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been the publisher for Mr. Updike's own books. Mr. Pottinger's direction of the typography of the Harvard books is less well known, but deserves attention because of its skilful use of a limited number of type faces and fine flowers.

The work from the Yale University Press has perhaps shown a wider interest in many type faces and varieties of ornamentation: while adhering to the better conventional methods of type-setting, great diversity in design has been sought.

The acceptance by the American Institute of Graphic Arts of innumerable university press books for its annual Fifty Books collections, and the awarding of Institute medals to several of the university presses is evidence from one source of the success of these presses in producing printing which competes successfully with work from non-academic quarters. And this is the more encouraging because the university is not a place where creative work in the crafts is stimulated, and where so far only intellectual effort and architecture have been seriously encouraged. And yet the relative security of university presses, of which Mr. Day wrote, ought to, and apparently in time will, provide occasion and incentive for typography comparable in quality to the best scientific and humane activity of our colleges.

R.

Edith Southwell Colucci, an Englishwoman who was born in Corsica, has published a book entitled "Racconti Corsi" (Leghorn: Giusti) in which she has gathered together the legends of the island.

JAMES F. DRAKE, Inc.
Rare Books :: First Editions
Autographs
CATALOGUES ISSUED
14 West 40th Street, New York

Counter Attractions

NEW & OLD BOOKS :: COLLECTORS ITEMS :: STAMPS & PRINTS :: LITERARY SERVICES

AMERICANA

SCHULTE'S BARGAINS: THATCHER-Thacher Genealogy, by John R. Totten, limited to 100 copies, $25.00; Stiles' History of Bundling, strange colonial custom, $2.50; Bayles' Old Taverns of New York, illustrated from old prints, $2.50; Mark Twain's Fireside Conversation in 1601, limited edition, $2.50. Send for free catalogue of Americana. Schulte's Bookstore, 80 Fourth Avenue, New York.

AMERICAN HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, Travel; local history and genealogy. Catalogs on request. Cadmus Book Shop, 312 West 34th Street, New York.

AMERICANA, FIRST EDITIONS, AND miscellaneous books. Catalogues on request. Wyman C. Hill, 9 Haynes Court, Leominster, Mass.

AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS OF CELEBRITIES bought and sold. I offer collectors largest and most comprehensive selection in America of original letters, manuscripts and documents of world-famous authors, generals, statesmen, rulers, composers, etc. Send list of your wants. New catalogue sent on request. Collections, large or small, bought for cash. Thomas F. Madigan (Est. 1888), 48 West 49th St., New York.

COLLECTORS OF AUTOGRAPHS, rare books, modern first editions, etc., should write to The Autograph Agency, 31 and 33 High Holborn, London, England, for catalogues which will be sent free on request. With each catalogue will be sent particulars of The Young Collectors Club, a newly formed organization to help young collectors who have not yet left school or college.

AUTOGRAPHS BOUGHT AND SOLD. We carry one of the most extensive collections of Autograph Letters and Historical Documents in the world. Send for our priced Catalogue of 4,472 titles. Cash paid for collections or individual specimens. Correspondence from owners solicited. Goodspeed's Book Shop, 7 Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass.

ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH LETTERS of celebrities of all nations bought and sold. Send for price list. Walter R. Benjamin, 578 Madison Ave., New York City, Publisher The Collector, $1. Established 1887.

BACK NUMBERS

BASK NUMBERS OF ALL MAGAZINES. Magazine excerpts, List free. Salisbury, 78 East 10th St., New York.

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES AT Abrahams' Bookstore, 145 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BARGAIN OFFERS

UNEXPURGATED AND UNABRIDGED translations of famous classics at unusually low prices; cloth bound and illustrated; Boccacio's Decameron; Heptameron of Navarre; Masuccio; Rabelais' Complete Works; Mlle. de Maupin; Balzac's Droll Stories; Rousseau's Confessions, ($3.50 edition) our temporary price $2.35 each; slightly imperfect copies of above books at $1.65 each; Satyricon of Petronius; Golden Asse of Apuleius, ($2.50 edition) $1.80; Forel's Sexual Question, $2.15; Bloch's Sexual Life of Our Time, $5.80; Wedding, $1.20; Maupassant's Works, cloth, illustrated, $5.80 for ten-volume set; Balzac's Physiology of Marriage, $2.75. Renaissance Book Company, wholesale and retail, (Room 3) 131 West 23rd Street, New York City.

SONGS OF SAPPHO, LIMITED Edition ($20.00) $10.50; Nietzsche-Wagner Correspondence ($4.00) $2.00. Manhattan Bookshop, 1204 Lexington Ave., New York.

LIMITED EDITIONS—APHRODITE by Pierre Louys, illustrated, ($12.00 edition) $9.80; Sulamith, illustrated, $8.75; The Divan, $10.65; Venus in Furs, $11.25; Rabelais, illustrated, $11.75. Renaissance Book Company, (Room 3) 131 West 23rd Street, New York City.

HUNEKER'S INTIMATE LETTERS, limited edition, $7.00. Samuel Scheinbaum. 10 Bible House, New York.

BARGAIN OFFERS

NEW SETS AT DRASTIC reductions—Conrad, twenty-six volumes, artcraft or half leather binding, ($65.00 edition) $26.50; Kipling, twenty-six volumes in thirteen, $20.00; Great French Romances, twelve volumes, $23.40. Fifteen per cent. off from latest books. Renaissance Book Company, (Room 3) 131 West 23rd Street, New York City.

THE EASTERN BOOK BUREAU, 925 Broadway, New York, specializes only in limited editions, unexpurgated translations, privately printed items, curiosa and esoterica appealing chiefly to discriminating private book collectors. Catalogue upon request.

BOOKBINDING

BOOK BINDERS TO BOOK LOVERS. Magazines bound. Books restored and rebound. Have you a pet book you would like nicely bound. Eastman Bindery, 156 Chambers St., New York.

BOOK PLATES

COPPER PLATE STYLE $4 TO $5 PER hundred. Send 10c for samples. Frank E. Bittner, 83 Irving Place, New York.

BOOKS WANTED

THE BULWARK, By Theodore Dreiser. A partially published novel issued in the form of an advertising dummy with several pages of text set up. Issued by John Lane. Several copies are known to exist in good state. Report data and quotation to The Saturday Review, Box 35.

ADVERTISING RATES on application to Dept. V. O., The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

CLUBS

ARE YOU MENTALLY ISOLATED? "Contacts," literary correspondence club, connects you with versatile, unconventional minds. Books loaned free to members. No formalities. Membership fee $2.00 year. Particulars free. Write: Contacts, Box 233-S, Bridgeville, Pa.

FIRST EDITIONS

BOSWELL'S JOHNSON, FIRST Edition, with manuscript notes and additions; Cogan's Haven of Health, 1584 Dresser's Birds of Europe, 1871-'96; Lilford's Birds of Great Britain, 1885-'97; Harvey's Anatomical Execitations, 1653; other choice items with First Editions, colored plate books, etc., for readers and collectors, 15c to $500. Catalogue 10c, post free from Stephen Hunt, Southborough, Kent, England.

"LATTERDAY PAMPHLETS," A NEW thing in publishing:—Literary works of less than ten thousand words; poems, essays, etc., printed in distinctive pamphlets which sell at an average of 35c the copy. Among the contributors to Spring Series 1928: William Murrell, Peggy Bacon, Francis Faragoh, John Appleby, Herbert J. Seligman, and others. Write for list of this series. Latterday, 20 Minetta Court, New York.

ROSENBACH—Books and Bidders, limited editions, $15.00; Robinson—Roman Barthalow, $5.00; Wilde—A House of Pomegranates, $35.00. The Walden Book Shop, 410 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

ETCHED IN MOONLIGHT; Tristram; We, limited, signed; Marley, Cather; Wilder; Wells; Walpole; Masefield; first editions. Country Book Shop, Greenwich Conn.

FIRST EDITIONS AND AUTOGRAPH material of modern authors. Advise us of your particular interests and we will send specially prepared lists of quotations. Catalogues issued. Phoenix Book Shop, Inc., 41 East 49th Street, New York.

READ THE ADVERTISEMENT OF The Autograph Agency in the Autographs column on this page.

FOREIGN BOOKS

VISIT THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 W. 96th Street (near Broadway). "Headquarters for French Books and Magazines." Low prices. Catalogue 5 cents (stamps).

GENERAL

HARRIS TWEED. VERY HIGH CLASS hand-woven material, and Aristocrat of Tweed for golf and outdoor wear, direct from makers. Suit-lengths by mail. Samples free on stating shades desired, Newall, 441 Stornoway, Scotland.

O'MALLEY'S BOOK STORE, 329 Columbus Ave. (75th St.) Large stock of good books on many subjects. Prices reasonable, expert service. Open evenings.

INCUNABULA

FINE COLLECTION OF Incunabula, Miniature Books, Autograph Letters, Voyages, Modern Firsts, Fine Presses. Spring catalogue in preparation. Gelber, Lilienthal, Inc., 336 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California.

LITERARY SERVICES

THE ROBERT CORTEZ HOLLIDAY School of Writing and Editorial Work. "Needless to say," comments THE SATURDAY REVIEW, "we can recommend Mr. Holliday most heartily to any aspiring writer who really wishes to look the facts in the face." Altogether individual instruction given by correspondence. Address: *Englewood Cliffs*, New Jersey.

MANUSCRIPTS ANALYZED, criticized, revised, prepared for publication, marketed. Book manuscripts a specialty. Twenty-five years' experience as a writer, editor, publisher. Thirty helpful text-books. Catalogue. Also The Writer's Bulletin, monthly, $1.50 per year, 15c per copy. James Knapp Reeve, Box A, Franklin, Ohio.

DEBUNKING THE REJECTION SLIP. If you want to know why you can't sell that manuscript, and the editors won't tell you, I will. Henry Gallup Paine, Literary Consultant. Late editor (1923-1927) Authors' League Bulletin. Thirty years' editorial experience. Address 2-4 East 23rd Street, New York, New York.

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY adviser. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Special department for plays and motion pictures. The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 135 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York.

AUTHORS' AND ARTISTS' Representative. Literary adviser and editor. Live fiction—Short Stories, Novels, Plays, Motion Pictures, Manuscripts sold. Grace Aird, Inc., 551 5th Ave., New York, Vanderbilt 9344.

EDITORIAL SERVICE FOR non-fiction writers. Non-fiction revised, typed, edited, criticized, marketed. Reasonable rates. Consolidated Press Service, 872 Lorimer Street, Brooklyn, New York.

UNTIL JULY 1ST, SPECIAL PRICES for first-class typing of manuscripts, with editorial revision, carbon copy, prompt return. Authors' Typing Service, 1106 Riverdale St., West Springfield, Mass.

MANUSCRIPTS ACCURATELY typewritten. Fifty cents thousand words. National Typing Service, Box 255, Pittsburgh, Pa.

NEW YORKIANA

BOOKS AND PRINTS ON THE quaint and strange manners, customs and frivolities of our ancestors in New York State and City. Catalogue inquiries not solicited, but private correspondence graciously invited, and afternoon visitors always welcome. Arthur Carlson, New Yorkiana Specialist, 503 Fifth Avenue, New York.

OUT OF PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS PROMPTLY supplied at most reasonable prices. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. Caledonia 0047.

POSITION WANTED

YOUNG WOMAN, BOOK Department, reviews and special writing on newspapers for ten years, would like to connect with newspaper or publishing house in or around New York City. College graduate. Now employed on metropolitan newspaper. Address Room 301, New Bedford Times. New Bedford, Mass.

RARE BOOKS

GOODSPEED'S BOOK SHOP IS A National Institution. Its stock of Rare and Choice Books, Prints and Autographs is made accessible to distant buyers by specialized catalogues. No. 168—Rare Americana, 2463 titles, 309 pp., with illustrations, price 50 cents. Nos. 169 and 174—Autographs, 9758 titles, *free*. No. 171—Genealogy, 4304 titles, price 10 cents. No. 172—Americana. In two parts, 2600 titles, *free*. No. 173—Rare Books, 306 titles, *free*. No. 175—Fine Arts, 1261 titles, *free*. Print Catalogs, and semi-monthly bulletins of Print Exhibitions, *free*. When in Boston browse in Goodspeed's, No. 7 Ashburton Place, 5A Park Street and 2 Milk Street.

BOOK-LOVERS GO TO THE DA and Pine Bookshops first for scarce Editions, and books on Art, Archit books from private presses, Amer Foreign Books, General Literature, and in general for Old and Unusual volumes difficult to come by. Catalogues issued often and sent free. Prices always reasonable. A visit to our shop is a treat for the bibliophile, for his searches are usually rewarded. Thousands of books on all subjects always in stock. Libraries of any size purchased or catalogued. Dauber and Pine Bookshops, Inc., 66 Fifth Avenue, New York. Open until 10 P. M.

READ RARE BOOKS—MEMBERS throughout the United States read without buying rare, scarce, out-of-print books; limited, privately printed editions; unexpurgated translations. When writing for information, state occupation or profession. Call in person if you prefer. Esoterika Biblion Society, Inc., Dept. G4, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

ODD, CURIOUS, UNUSUAL AND extraordinary Books and Autographs. Write for catalogue. State your own interests. Union Square Book Shop, 30 East 14th Street, New York.

UNUSUAL BOOKS IN Limited Editions, Privately Printed. Lists on request. Nicholas L. Brown, 276 Fifth Avenue, New York.

SUMMER HOMES

A HOME IN SOUTHERN VERMONT can be purchased at a most reasonable price; in the most charming hill country in New England, dotted with lakes and brooks; good fishing and hunting; real early American environment of most unpretentious character. Farms with desirable old houses can be bought from $400 to $2,000. Harold P. White, Brattleboro, Vermont.

SPECIALIST

STORY IDEAS WANTED for photoplays, magazines. Big demand. Accepted any form for revision, development and submission to markets. Established 1917. Free booklet gives full particulars. Universal Scenario Company, 415 Western and Santa Monica Bldg., Hollywood, California.

SCHEDULE OF RATES FOR advertising on this page: For copy inserted twenty consecutive times, five cents a word; for copy inserted any less number of times, seven cents a word; forms close ten days previous to publication. Dept. V. O., The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York City.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers · 37 West 57th Street · *New York*

They forgot to get a copy of WHAT'LL WE DO NOW? *for his party!*

This week *The Inner Sanctum* again finds itself on the Trader Horns of a dilemma—with many books, old and new, crying aloud for the incense and myrrh of the sacred groves.

ZAMBESI JACK [writing under the name of ALFRED ALOYSIUS] himself contributes two books to the clamorous roster, and other notable "convivials" and hereditary "paramounts" are hard by, so that *The Inner Sanctum* will play fair with all by simply listing the current best-seller list of the 37-West-57th-Street-Young-Men's Literary-Marching-Club-and-Society-for-the-Promotion-of-the-Adjective-less-Blurb:

Trader Horn—Volume Two (Harold the Webbed or The Young Vykings)!
Hearst—An American Phenomenon
Trader Horn—Volume One
The Story of Philosophy
What'll We Do Now?
Cross Word Puzzle Book—Number Nine

The first printing of 75,000 copies for TRADER HORN's new book seemed pitifully small when *The Inner Sanctum* received advance copies of the New York Times full-page review containing this salvo:

". . . There is again revealed in this childish yarn about 'The Young Vykings', with its accompanying monologues, a veritable genius.

". . . It is of the substance of a dream, yet it is warm with reality. ALFRED ALOYSIUS HORN, *old, broken, ill, kicked around by fate, has come far nearer than Kipling to telling 'The Finest Story Ever Told.'"*

These two paragraphs gave *The Inner Sanctum* a more reverberating thrill than the filing of an order for five carloads of *Trader Horn* paper, or a printing of 75,000 copies of *Bambi—A Life In the Woods*, by FELIX SALTEN, to be released on July 6th.

In launching its Fall, 1928, catalogue, *The Inner Sanctum* falls into another one of its confidential moods and says:

Frankly, as this Fall 1928 catalogue goes to press, *The Inner Sanctum* is in a buoyant and soaring mood. It is not entirely due to the atmosphere of a group of best-sellers that have out-topped our rosiest hopes and the most ambitious quotas. They have helped, of course, and thrilled. But deeper than that delight is the glow of vindication for a private acclaim—as in the case of WILL DURANT, ARTHUR SCHNITZLER, ALFRED ALOYSIUS HORN, FELIX SALTEN, and a few other convivials. And deeper still is the inner confidence in our latest array of "fewer and better books" which, even in the turbulent throes of jacket-writing, lay-out supervision, proof-reading, follow-up fulminations, and catalogue-making, seem inviting, interesting and important.

A more cruel test than this it would be hard to fashion for any book: after you have fought, bled and died with it through the lofty peaks and sloughs of despond between the initial idea and the finished opus, *does it still seem alluring?* . . . With one definite exception and a second partial one, *The Inner Sanctum* can honestly state that all of the new books in this announcement have met that test with banners flying.

So far as *The Inner Sanctum* is aware there is no statute forbidding readers to write directly to headquarters for a first edition copy of the favorite non-Chicago catalogue published by

—ESSANDESS

William Allen White
says: "One of the best stories written in our times is

The Stream of History
by
Geoffrey Parsons

"He has told a splendid story, vigorously, eloquently, convincingly."—*Emporia Gazette.*

Illustrated. At all bookstores

$5.00 Scribners

THE PHOENIX NEST

AND now we discover that the American bison is, after all, not extinct. *A. de Herries Smith*, author of "Drums of the North," a Macaulay novel, asserts that in the giant triangle made by the Great Slave Lake, the Peace and the Slave rivers, there exists the last herd of really wild buffalo in North America. They have never been dominated by man. And, incidentally, one of them nearly finished the career of this particular novelist. He was en route to the Arctic at the time and was waiting at Fort Fitzgerald for a trading steamer. He ensconced himself on the poplar bluffs with a portable typewriter. A minute later he was up in a poplar tree catching a glimpse of a shaggy humped body crashing by beneath him. A thunder of hoofs had warned him. The next chapter of "Drums of the North" was written inside the post's stout stockades! . . .

A short story by *Paul Morand*, in which a Frenchman fell in love with a Scandinavian in her native habitat, has always remained in our memory as a tale of gorgeous humor. Now *Maurice Bedel* has written a whole novel about a similar situation, "Jerome or The Latitude of Love." Bedel was over forty when he wrote this first novel (Hope for us!), and it took the coveted Goncourt prize. It has now been translated into English by *Lawrence S. Morris* and published by the Viking Press. Norwegian girls are evidently not like other girls. . . .

Eugène Jolas has translated a number of American poets into French in "Anthologie de la Nouvelle Poésie Americaine," Paris: Kra, 6 Rue Blanche. The book is dedicated to *Sherwood Anderson*, and is in its fourth edition. It is a comprehensive volume and the translations are often extremely skilful. It is the first characteristic collection of modern American poetry to be presented to the French in their own language. . . .

The Paramount feature film of "The Canary Murder Case" is now being shot in Hollywood. *Louise Brooks*, actually an ex-Follies girl, plays the part of the "Canary." *William Powell* is cast for the rôle of Philo Vance. . . .

In July Simon and Schuster will publish "Bambi" by *Felix Salten*. It has been translated from the German by *Whittaker Chambers*. "Bambi" is the name of a deer in his wood by the blue Danube. *Galsworthy* has called the book "a little masterpiece," and it has been enthusiastically compared to *Kipling's* "Jungle Book," but in reality it is a veiled allegory of the life of man. Salten is a Viennese novelist, poet, and playwright. . . .

On July 20th a new *Agatha Christie* thriller, the first full-length "Hercule Poirot" story since "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd," which was an ace, will be published by Dodd, Mead. It is called "The Mystery of the Blue Train," and we should say off-hand that it was just the sort of book to take on your vacation. We're going to take it on ours. . . .

In the fall, W. W. Norton & Company will issue a volume of fables in verse, "Little Otis," by *Mrs. Cora B. Millay*. Mrs. Millay is the mother of the famous Edna St. Vincent Millay and her sisters, Kathleen Millay, the talented author, and Norma Millay, the equally talented actress. . . .

Anatole France's last book was a biography and critical study of *Rabelais*. It analyzes that masterpiece, "Gargantua and Pantagruel." One-third of it in translation is to appear in *The Forum* as a serial, the part pertaining to the life of the great satirist. Arrangements have been completed by Henry Holt & Company for the publication in November of the book in full. It will be brought out in France in September. It will be the final volume in the definitive edition of the French master. . . .

Holt will also publish in the Fall a new volume of lyrics by *Robert Frost*. Five years have elapsed since Frost has given us a book of poems. A *de luxe* autographed edition of the new book will be published, with woodcuts, in addition to the regular editions. Mr. Frost has also consented to revise his "Selected Poems," so as to include some of his favorites from the later volumes. . . .

Recently *Hilaire Belloc* discussed *Beckford's* "Vathek" in *The Saturday Review*. Shortly after, the following letter was received from a small New England publisher:

Dear Mr. Beckford:

I was so much impressed by your article VATHEK H. BELLOC which appeared in *The Saturday Review of Literature* that it occurred to me that possibly you might have sufficient material on hand to make a book.

If this is the case we should be very glad to consider such a manuscript with a view to publication. You may be sure that anything you care to send in will receive my prompt and careful attention.

I trust we may have the pleasure of hearing from you in the near future.

Well we have gone to various mediums, but none of their controls seem to be able to locate the Oriental dreamer of Fonthill. Our own opinion is that he still reclines in some remote houri-haunted paradise. "Vathek: An Arabian Tale," was written, we may inform the New England publisher, prior to 1783, and at one sitting, during which William Beckford never even removed his clothes. It was completed in three days and two nights. There were giants in those days. . . .

On the tenth of July Scribner will publish the final novel of the Forsyte family, by *John Galsworthy*. It is properly entitled "Swan Song." The Forsytes have certainly been a long-lived family. . . .

The other night we witnessed at the Greenwich Village Theatre that "gripping terror tale" on the screen, "The Hands of Orlac." Twisty-squirmy, *Conrad Veidt*. The end is abrupt, to say the least. For just as they snap the handcuffs on the villain, Nera, there appears on the screen the slogan, "A Greenwich Village Theatre Presentation." A bit too pointed, that, we thought. . . .

Criminal hands, criminal hands, how I hate them criminal hands! . . . But let us turn to recording the fact that three women national tennis players are now on the publishing lists. *Helen Wills*, of course, with her book on "Tennis," *Marian Van Rensselaer King* with her second book, "Mirror of Youth," and *Mary Dixon Thayer*, with her sixth or seventh book published by Macmillan. . . .

Perusing a late March issue of the *London Times*, we came across this "Personal" which we simply must copy down for you:

Yes, jaundice is a wretched thing—makes you feel so depressed—but still, don't worry—a small glass of BOLS VERY OLD HOLLANDS GIN daily will help you along no end.

And we'll bet it will, at that! . . .

Well, boys and girls, as *Andrew Lang* once sang, "June at the zenith is torrid." But then, perhaps, by the time you read this, you'll be in the midst of a snow-storm.

THE PHOENICIAN.

"Brilliant and admirable." —*N. Y. Times.*
"Wise and refreshing." —*Boston Transcript.*

THE MISBEHAVIORISTS
By HARVEY WICKHAM

"Not only the most brilliant but the most important of all recent criticisms of contemporary scientific and near-scientific thought." —*San Francisco Bulletin.*

$3.50 *at all bookstores*

LINCOLN MacVEAGH
THE DIAL PRESS · NEW YORK
LONGMANS, GREEN & COMPANY, TORONTO

PLOTS FOR WRITERS—
Source Material

TRAIL DRIVERS OF TEXAS
1050 pages, octavo size, of interesting sketches of early cowboys and their experiences on the range and on the trail, written by the men themselves. Material for many stories and books of real merit. The plot for "North of 36" was taken from this book. **PRICE $5.00**

LIFE OF BILLY DIXON
PLAINSMAN-SCOUT PIONEER
By OLIVE K. DIXON
PRICE $3.00 Illustrated, 9 Vo. An authentic story of the old frontier. A thrilling story, detailing the historic Indian battles at Adobe Walls and Buffalo Wallow. This is a true story of the early days in the Texas Panhandle.

THE MEXICAN SIDE OF THE TEXAN REVOLUTION
By the Chief Mexican participants—Generals Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, Vicente Filisola, Jose Urrea, Jose Maria Tornel (Secretary of War), Martinez Caro (Private Secretary of Santa Anna). Translated with notes by Carlos E. Casteneda, Latin-American Librarian, University of Texas. **PRICE $5.00**

P. L. TURNER COMPANY
PUBLISHERS
P. O. Box 746
DALLAS, TEXAS

Crackling With Fun!
The New Book of
STEPHEN LEACOCK
Short Circuits
Leacock delightfully pricks the absurdities that surround our everyday lives. Many of our follies and foibles are touched by his sharp and nimble pen.
DODD, MEAD $2.00

"The best detective story so far this year." —*The Forum.*
The Greene Murder Case
A Philo Vance Novel
by S. S. Van Dine
$2.00 Scribners

$50.00 Prize for the Best Rhymed Review *of*
THE SAGA OF CAP'N JOHN SMITH
By Christopher Ward
sent in before the first of August.
The contest will be judged by WILLIAM ROSE BENET
Contributions should be sent to Harper & Bros., 49 E. 33 St., N.Y.C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED